

LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXL

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1935

No. 3664

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS	337
EDITORIALS:	
The League Unites Against Italy	340
The Right of Asylum	341
Welcome to Our City	341
Tariff Discrimination	342
ISSUES AND MEN: TERRIFYINGLY UNCHARTED PATHS.	
By Oswald Garrison Villard	343
DR. HUEY AND MR. LONG. By Benjamin Stolberg	344
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE	346
ROOSEVELT KEEPS HIS VOW. By Paul W. Ward	347
CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. By Zona Gale	350
THE MEANING OF THE MODERN DRAMA. IV. THE NEW DISPENSATION. By Joseph Wood Krutch	351
CORRESPONDENCE	353
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:	
Consumers' Research Fights the Union. By Alexander L. Crosby	356
Radio Censors Labor. By Clifton Reed	357
My Hundredth Birthday. By Heywood Brown	357
BOOKS AND DRAMA:	
The Story of a Scamp. By Joseph Wood Krutch	359
Synthesis. By F. Stuart Chapin	359
Good Intentions. By Louis Kronenberger	361
A Connoisseur of Character. By Mark Van Doren	361
Scholarship at Its Best. By Maxwell S. Stewart	362
Bewildered Doughboys. By Walter Millis	363
Drama: False Start. By Joseph Wood Krutch	364

BOARD OF EDITORS

FREDA KIRCHWEY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
RAYMOND GRAM SWING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARGARET MARSHALL MAXWELL S. STEWART
DOROTHY VAN DOREN

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—DOMESTIC: One Year \$5; Two Years \$8; Three Years \$11. CANADIAN: 50 cents a year additional. FOREIGN: \$1 a year additional. THREE WEEKS NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

THE NATION. Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second-class matter December 13, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by the Nation, Inc.

Muriel C. Gray, Advertising Manager. Walter F. Gruening, Circulation Manager. Cable Address: Nation, New York.

IT WOULD BE A PITY if the conflict between Secretary Ickes and Administrator Hopkins should appear simply as a personal tussle for power, and if the merits of the men should be the deciding factor. A basic cleavage of principle is involved. Ultimately the public will have to decide, and the President, for all the pretense of having "reconciled" the two men, has decided for his part in favor of the Hopkins doctrine. This is that the immediate benefit of most of the huge work-relief fund shall be restricted to those on relief, to the disregard of the millions of unemployed who have managed to stay off the relief rolls; that this relief work shall be at subnormal wages; that it shall be spent for projects toward which the government contributes up to 100 per cent of the total cost; and that it is not of prime importance that the spending shall stimulate the heavy industries, where unemployment is most severe. The Ickes doctrine is that a sound public-works program relieves unemployment generally, not only in the lower stratum of those already drawing relief; that in paying standard wages it maintains morale; that it stimulates the heavy industries, thus contributing to recovery; and that local communities must put up 55 per cent of the cost. We are convinced the

public will support Ickes when it understands the issue, and we believe that the President in siding against him has made one of his worst and biggest mistakes. Congress intended the PWA to have \$900,000,000 of the \$4,880,000,000 work-relief appropriation. On the basis of the 45 per cent government grant, this foresaw a total outlay on public works of \$2,000,000,000. Now the PWA allotment is cut down to \$450,000,000, and the total PWA program is reduced to less than \$1,000,000,000. In order to comply with the Hopkins doctrine the federal government is turning down contributions of \$550,000,000 from local communities, which seems a high price to pay for a fallacious social philosophy.

THAT SIR SAMUEL HOARE would not have pledged British support of League sanctions without being sure that the United States was not going to insist on neutral rights against a League blockade goes without saying. One reason for Britain's earlier reluctance to give this pledge had been the uncertainty about America's attitude in such an emergency. But it is probable that Sir Samuel convinced himself, and was not convinced by the State Department; that is, no formal commitment has been asked of Washington or given. The British, unless they have assurances from the President himself—which we doubt—are banking on the spirit behind the neutrality resolution and on the overwhelming desire of this country to stay out of a European war. The Administration, however, must be preoccupied with the imminent possibility of our having to announce a policy in the face of sanctions. And in invoking the Kellogg pact Secretary Hull must have had this eventuality in mind quite as much as any possible effect of his declaration on Italy and Ethiopia. He is preparing the record, and in due course it will be obvious to Americans, if Italy goes to war, that it does so in violation of a treaty signed with us. There then could be no strong objection to consultation between the American government and the leading League powers. We already have agreed to consultation in an offer made by Norman Davis at the Disarmament Conference, but since that promise was conditional on the success of the conference, we are released from it if we care to be released. The British no doubt figure that the American isolationists, however much they dislike the League and cooperation with it, will not insist on asserting neutral rights which are being suspended in international action against an aggressor.

WITH THE REICHSTAG cheering itself hoarse as his audience—and otherwise performing no function whatever—Chancellor Hitler made "a few general remarks" at Nürnberg. He described the unity of the German people and the "healthiness" of Germany's affairs, both internal and external; he stressed the German love of peace and illustrated it by declaring that Memel had been "stolen from Germany, and the robbery legalized by the League of Nations"; and he ended with a peroration against Communists, who are of course Jews. After *der Führer* had finished and the wild applause had subsided, General Göring, president

of the Reichstag, introduced three new laws: Only Germans or those of "racially related blood" may be citizens of the Reich; Aryans may not marry or have sexual relations with Jews, under penalty of imprisonment at hard labor; and the swastika is henceforth to be the German national flag, although Jews are graciously permitted to hang out a flag of their own, presumably to insure a good target for storm troopers' bricks. Amid cheers the Reichstag passed these measures unanimously, after which it, in effect, obligingly voted itself out of existence as a deliberative body by abolishing its own rules of procedure and placing itself "under the principle of leadership" to be exercised by General Göring. It will be seen therefore that Hitler is still dictator with no audible opposition in his party, that the Jews are still the main targets for Nazi oppression with Goebbels the victor over the more temperate Dr. Schacht, and that the German government has learned nothing from the distaste for its tactics obviously indicated in other countries, particularly in the United States. Indeed, its adoption of the swastika as the national emblem may well have been hastened by Magistrate Brodsky's ill-advised castigation of the Nazis, for which Secretary Hull was brought to the unpleasant necessity of apologizing.

A DAY OR SO before the *Führer's* speech Italy, France, and Great Britain sent a joint protest to Lithuania reminding it of its commitments with regard to Memel under the Statute of 1924, by which Memel was to enjoy clearly defined administrative and financial autonomy while remaining under the Lithuanian flag. For years protests have been continuing over acts of discrimination against German residents of the once German city; in retaliation, President Smetona of Lithuania complains of German propaganda in Memel and of economic pressure in the form of almost a complete ban on the importation of Lithuanian goods into the Reich. The Lithuanian response is declared to have satisfied the three powers that the coming elections will be conducted in a proper manner. But Hitler is not so easily satisfied. Persecution of German minorities in another country is of course an entirely different kettle of fish from persecution of "non-Aryan" minorities in Germany. Not only did he refer to Memel as "stolen," but he expressed the regrets of the German government that its protests in behalf of Germans in Memel were without results, adding: "We hope these assurances will not assume forms which might be regretted by the whole world." The threat implied in the Chancellor's speech will not be lost upon France and certainly not upon Lithuania. Hitler's was a fighting speech in more ways than one.

GENERAL ISOGAI'S frank statement that "Japan will not tolerate the establishment of a Communist government in any portion of China . . . but will act independently to destroy such a regime" indicates the extent to which Japan has moved toward its dream of hegemony over Eastern Asia. Isogai was not speaking of hypothetical possibilities to be met within the next decade. He was proclaiming Japanese policy with regard to the vast Communist areas which have recently sprung up in western Szechuan and Kansu—a region many hundred miles away from the Japanese sphere of interest in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. He confirmed the fact that Chiang Kai-shek had sev-

eral times asked for Japanese assistance in his anti-red campaign, but asserted that the suggestion had hitherto been rejected. In order to take direct military action against the Communists, Japan must either send its troops up the Yangtze more than 1,500 miles into the heart of China or dispatch them on a long overland journey through Inner Mongolia, Shansi, and Shensi to remote Kansu. If the first course were adopted, the whole of Central China might readily fall into Japanese hands. The second would cut all lines of communication between China and Outer Mongolia, thus tempting the Japanese militarists to invade the latter in preparation for a war with the Soviet Union. Either course carries with it such catastrophic possibilities that we can only hope saner counsel in Tokyo will override the ambitions of the militarists in the field. But the experience of the past few years has shown this possibility to be extremely remote.

FOLLOWING its sound and useful criticism of the Administration's monetary policies and the NRA, Brookings Institution has published an analysis of the results of the AAA program in the livestock and dairying industries which throws great doubt on the value of this portion of the New Deal. While not denying that the status of the stock farmers has improved substantially in the past two years, the study indicates that the increase in income for corn-hog producers which can be attributed to the AAA subsidy has been not more than 7 per cent. The drought is found to have been far more effective than the AAA both in reducing supplies and raising prices. At bottom the problem facing the stock raiser is the same as that confronting the cotton producers of the South—whether the increased prices will cause such a shift in consumption habits as to destroy a large part of the market for their products. Already pork consumption has been cut in half, while the use of milk has fallen off to a distressing extent. From the standpoint of broad economic policy, there is the further question of how price-fixing and limitation of production can be fitted into a flexible economic structure without throwing the uncontrolled parts of the nation's economy seriously out of adjustment. Thus far the New Deal's experiments in piecemeal planning have apparently reinforced the argument of conservatives that economic controls are disastrous in a system dependent for regulation on the free working of the forces of supply and demand. This does not indicate that planning itself is unsound, but merely that each unit of our national economy is irretrievably linked with every other unit, and that the problems of no one industry can be solved without reference to the balanced functioning of the system as a whole.

THE AMERICAN League Against War and Fascism on August 1 requested from the Chicago police department a permit for a parade in protest against the impending conflict between Italy and Ethiopia. The permit was refused on August 26 on the ground that the proposed demonstration was a "hostile act toward a friendly power." In response to requests from various delegations urging the permit, Police Commissioner Allman finally declared, according to an affidavit submitted by Thomas M. McKenna, "There isn't going to be any parade, and those who try to parade will get their heads cracked." The Commissioner

was as good as his word. A number of persons who attempted to march, without otherwise committing any breach of the peace, were set upon by policemen. Old men and women, Negro and white, were among the victims; clubs were the weapons, although kicks and arm-twisting were also freely employed. Some 400 persons were arrested, several score being herded into a bullpen about twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide. The injured were ignored, although some were bleeding copiously from the blows of policemen's clubs; for two or three hours even water was denied the prisoners. It was not until three o'clock of the morning of September 1 that the last of the prisoners were released, the charges being disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly. Fifty of them were admitted to bail and will go to jury trial on October 3. The whole episode sounds like a nightmare; but it was real enough, as photographs in the latest newsreels indicate; and the newsreel announcer's remarks were to the point also: "If these people want to start a war," he said, "let them go back where they came from." The Chicago police have the advantage of being able to start a war without leaving home.

LABORERS ON STRIKE against low wages paid on WPA projects staged a minor riot on September 13 in New York City. A few rocks were thrown but no one was hurt and there were no arrests. The affair served to bring into the limelight, however, the particular WPA project before which the fracas took place. This is the Astor housing project on Avenue A and Third Street. The job is one of tenement-house renovation; the tenements in question were built nearly ninety years ago and their construction is thoroughly out of keeping with modern ideas of tenement-house design. Since the WPA money was given for renovation, however, it was not possible to tear the buildings down and erect modern tenements; it was decided to compromise by tearing out every third building, so that the two which remained might have at least a modicum of light and air. Unfortunately when the third building was demolished, the other two displayed an alarming tendency to fall down, too, so that the "renovation" finally resolved itself into constructing new buildings on a skeleton foundation of the few old timbers that remained standing. This, while costly, might not have been so bad, but the designers of the new dwellings felt bound by the old plans and are building according to the specifications of 1846. The original estimate of the cost of construction was \$413,000; it is expected that the total outlay will exceed this by several hundred thousand dollars. The whole affair displays bureaucratic stupidity and unresiliency at its worst; and unfortunately the new tenants and the taxpayers will be the joint sufferers.

THE BATTLE between Consumers' Research and its striking employees continues at white heat. The board of directors has sent to its subscribers, who will in the last analysis decide the dispute, a long statement attacking the union, its leadership, and its methods. We could wish that this latest bulletin of Consumers' Research bore the air of scrupulous accuracy which should characterize all the publications of an organization of this type. But it is full of suspicious items, of which we cite only two. "No one of the directors," it states, "except Dewey H. Palmer, knew

that Mr. Heasty [one of the dismissed workers] was president of the union." The union points out that the private secretary of Mr. Schlink was a member of the union while Mr. Heasty was president, and that Mr. Schlink and Mr. Matthews were on several occasions in contact with Mr. Heasty on union matters, facts which make it difficult to believe that they were unaware of his official position. On page 4 the bulletin charges that "one of the union officials" (not named) told several townsmen in Washington that the union was counting on the support of such agencies as *The Nation's Business*, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and Bruce Barton's advertising firm. "On another occasion," reads the account, "it was intimated that with the help of such big-business institutions the union would destroy CR and in its place set up a Communist-controlled organization headed by Mr. Arthur Kallet." We leave it to our readers, many of whom are subscribers to CR, to decide whether such a statement may be accorded the same credence which they are in the habit of giving to the bulletins of CR; and we urge them, before making up their minds, to obtain from the CR Strike Aid Committee, 41 East Twentieth Street, New York, the union's answer to the directors' charges.

WE REGRET to say that William Troy, having accepted a teaching position at Bennington College, will not be able to continue as film critic for *The Nation*. He will, however, contribute regularly to the Literary Section. At the same time we are pleased to announce that Mark Van Doren, who is already well known to our readers, will take over the duties of film critic, beginning in October.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT continues to uphold the homely virtues for the benefit of that vast Middle Western, middle-class, middle-of-the-road electorate which puts Presidents in the White House. Only recently he rebuked the Soviet Union to prove that the New Deal is not communist; he has now clinched the matter by going to a vestry meeting of his church. "Roosevelt Gives Day to His Church," reads an unctuous headline in the *New York Times*; "Meets Vestrymen on Local Affairs." "Instead of using his morning hours in the dictation of correspondence," the dispatch reads with ill-disguised admiration, "he went with his wife and mother to services in the village church, and this afternoon a meeting of the vestrymen of the church at Hyde Park House took the place of conferences on grave national issues. . . ." We are not exactly filled with a sense of security at the thought of the President putting aside grave national issues to take up the business affairs of a village church, but in a larger sense we can see its wisdom. It will assure him the vote of every vestryman in the country—and it is quite possible that Mr. Farley, Postmaster General of Vote-Getting, who has just returned from a political tour, reported that the vestry vote was getting restless. The dispatch from Hyde Park went on to indicate that the telephone books as well as the Bible lay at hand and that the President, vestrymen or no vestrymen, apparently conferred by long distance on several grave national issues. On the whole, the campaign for 1936 is progressing, and it seems likely that Mr. Roosevelt will once more middle through.

The League Unites Against Italy

THE meeting of the League Assembly has given birth to a system of collective security. It comes into being at a late hour, probably too late to avert Italian aggression against Ethiopia. It may also be too late to establish itself and develop the strength and authority necessary to curb a Germany dedicated to future aggression. It has not been born under idealistic auspices, since Great Britain, which now discovers the covenant of the League as a binding obligation, does so because vital imperial interests are at stake and the League at last becomes infinitely preferable to isolation. It is lamentable, to be sure, that the system was not born long ago, in the clear understanding that aggression against any state is an attack on all states. Had it been established in time, the rise of Hitler would have been impossible, and Europe might have accepted a substantial measure of disarmament. Instead of being at the brink of a colonial war, and faced with the possibility of an early world conflagration, the statesmen of Europe might have led their peoples into a long era of peace. But the years since Versailles have been frittered away in seeking escape from obligations. The cunning hope that security might be possible without common responsibilities has brought Europe to its present crisis. Great Britain, which now has resurrected the League, has been a leading offender in the evasion of pledges. That it now has had to turn to the League out of sheer necessity demonstrates how shortsighted the British policy has been. It does not, however, detract from British sincerity at this juncture.

Mussolini's incursion into Africa confronts the British with potential perils such as they faced when Von Tirpitz was given free hand to build up the imperial German navy. Mussolini, to be sure, has promised to go no farther than Ethiopia in his expansion. But if he succeeded there, the Sudan and then Egypt would beckon to him, and he could then wrap his tourniquet about the chief artery of the British Empire—the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and the Red Sea. From Mussolini's point of view nothing could be more reasonable than to create a Caesarian empire in Africa. It would be a compact domain, rich in land and resources, close to its mother country. It would satisfy the fascist urge to expansion. But the realization of this dream is impossible without the control of the southern Mediterranean, and the Mediterranean must be a British sea if the British Empire is to survive. The British have controlled it by a fleet much larger than the Italian, and until the last few years as strong as the combined Italian and French navies. Then as France became Britain's closest friend the two-power standard in the Mediterranean was not maintained. But France became the friend of Italy early this year, and a new doubt was thrown upon British supremacy in the Mediterranean. When Laval made his pact with Mussolini, the British had no reason to fear it; they even did all they could to bring it about, for its objective was to win Mussolini to the united front against Germany. That the French ever might choose Italy in preference to Britain simply did not enter British calculations. But a few months later the British made their worst diplomatic blunder of modern times

in signing the naval agreement with Hitler. They tore down the united front against Hitler, and France was thrown into a panic. The new French friendship with Mussolini grew in importance and promise. Since the British declined to accept obligations in Eastern Europe—no matter what the Covenant implied—the realistic Italians took on for the French the aspect of reliability and helpfulness which the British lacked.

The British decision to use the League was made at the Cabinet meeting hastily called in mid-August after the breakdown of the three-power conference in Paris. Thereupon the Admiralty began strengthening its forces in the Mediterranean, and Europe discovered to its amazement that London had decided to challenge Rome. Laval was caught in a trap. He had to decide, then and there, between the new friendship with the frenzied Mussolini and the old friendship with the inscrutable, slow-thinking British. Not until he stood behind the same desk from which Sir Samuel Hoare had addressed the League Assembly did the world know his choice. He chose the League. After all, the League was France's particular organ, and it had failed primarily because of Britain's evasions of its undertakings. The choice, if it could be seen in historic perspective, was not hard to make. If the British at last meant what they said, an unprovoked aggressor would also be a state practicing aggression in Eastern Europe.

The adherence of the Scandinavian and Baltic states, Holland, and Russia to the system of collective security is no less dictated by self-interest than the leadership of Britain and France, since with the rise of fascist dictatorships no land is safe. The League, which a few weeks ago remained extant only as an exhibit of one of the world's most unhappy ironies, now is ready to apply sanctions against a great power. Remarkable though this may be, there still is irony in its revived and emaciated existence, since it has been restored primarily in the defense of the British Empire. But the revival is not to be adjudged too bitterly. The most important event since the World War may be this discovery by the British that the safety of their empire lies in collective action entailing responsibilities for the safety of others.

The effect on Mussolini of the united front against him in Geneva can hardly be as negligible as he is trying to make the world believe. He may decide to have his war in Ethiopia, and in the time it takes the League to decide upon and apply sanctions, he may hope to win a victory spectacular enough to save his prestige. The war presumably would be stopped thereafter, and Mussolini would dominate the peace conference, and accept the concessions offered him by France and Britain at Paris. He must not leave the League if this is to be his program. But perhaps he will not accept the pinchbeck success of a one-battle campaign, cut short by the condemnation of the League. He may decide to join Germany and Japan in the outer limbo of international relations where there are no pretenses and might is the only right. If he does, an early general war will be unavoidable.

The Right of Asylum

THE right of asylum, or that process by which a man is entitled to protection from his enemies by virtue of being in some particular place, is as old as history. It is traditionally a part of the history of the United States, and there was a time when we took pride in the fact that political refugees from other lands could find safety here. Gradually, however, as the American nation has become stronger, it has become more subject to jitters. Emma Goldman, on a visitor's visa, spent ninety days here to the accompaniment of considerable official trepidation; the suggestion that Leon Trotzky might live out the rest of his days within our borders is not even seriously entertained; if it were it would give rise to hysterical protests. Along with many other traditional rights, this one has been chivvied away until only the ghost of its former self remains.

In cases involving extradition, it is still likely that we should refuse any demand from another country to deport an alien accused of a political crime who was seeking refuge on our shores. But we distinguish between extradition and deportation; we do not hesitate to return an anti-fascist to Italy, where he may be put to death, or a militant anti-Nazi to Germany, or a Chinese student "agitator" to the tender mercies of one of his native firing squads. The fact that death or long prison sentences may await these persons when they reach the countries of their origin deters us as little as the fact that in deporting them we may leave their native-born American children without economic support. Time after time, during the past twenty years, the intransigence and inflexibility of our immigration laws have been revealed. Moreover, in one Congressional session after another laws have been proposed providing for ever more sweeping expulsion of "undesirable" aliens. In the last session Congressman Dies of Texas introduced a bill which would have brought about the deportation of no fewer than 6,000,000 aliens, as a means of solving the unemployment problem. It is true that so far no such blanket expulsive legislation has been enacted. But the Kerr bill, which also failed of passage, and which was sponsored by the Department of Labor as an effort to prevent in some measure the breaking up of families of deportees, permitted any employee of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to make arrests without warrant, made mandatory the deportation of aliens convicted for carrying concealed weapons—whether or not they had been sentenced to imprisonment therefor—and required as a ground for deportation nothing more than simple conviction without imprisonment for a crime involving "moral turpitude."

Specific cases illustrate more clearly than general statements the grounds on which deportations are too often ordered. Mrs. Stella Petrosky, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, came here from Poland in 1914 as a girl of fifteen. Three years later she married a coal miner and became the mother of eight native-born Americans; Petrosky was a good union man, but the lot of a coal miner is hard at best and by the time the depression had settled firmly on the mining community in which he and his family lived he had decamped, leaving his wife and children to subsist as best they could on \$4 a week provided by the local Poor Board. Mrs. Petro-

sky, however, was not just another poor miner's wife with a houseful of kids whom she could not properly feed and clothe. She had served her apprenticeship on the picket line; she proceeded to reveal herself as that *bête noire* of relief stations—a protestant! Not only did she convince the Poor Board that nine persons could not subsist on \$4 a week, but she encouraged other miners' wives to protest starvation relief; finally she committed the heinous crime of joining and actively taking part in the local Unemployment Council. And her children completed the family record of moral turpitude by taking part in a student protest strike and picketing with the striking miners of the United Anthracite Miners' Union. On April 25 Mrs. Petrosky was arrested as a dangerous alien and held in \$1,000 bond. At her hearing in May she was specifically charged with "believing, advising, and advocating the destruction of property and being a member of, or affiliated with, an organization that advocates, advises, or teaches the overthrow of the government of the United States and of all forms of law by force and violence." This organization, it was brought out at the hearing, was the Communist Party, to which a corporal of the state police testified he "had heard" that Mrs. Petrosky belonged. A final hearing in the Petrosky case will be held on September 20; it will then be decided whether or not it is a crime involving moral turpitude to be an alleged member of a political party which duly appears on legal ballots every election day, and more horrendously whether or not it is a crime to take poor families to relief stations in an attempt to get relief for them. If it is a crime, Mrs. Petrosky will be deported to Poland, where she has no friends or relatives, and her eight minor children, deserted by their father, will be dependent on public relief.

The Petrosky case is not an isolated example of Department of Labor policy. Dozens of other similar cases could be adduced to show that there is no longer an asylum in the United States for aliens presumptuous enough to protest against exploitation and starvation. If human life and security were not involved, the Department of Labor in many instances would merely look foolish. As it is, the most vigorous protest is necessary on the part of American citizens who desire to safeguard elementary human rights.

Welcome to Our City

LAST week a four-line news dispatch announced the impending visit of the Messrs. Ilf and Petrov to the United States. It saddens us to think how few of even our readers know who these gentlemen are, but we shall proceed to tell them. In Russia they are widely famous as contributors to the comic journal the *Crocodile*, and in America they ought to be equally well known as the authors of a satiric novel translated under the title "The Little Golden Calf"—a work which, so far as our knowledge goes, deserves to be ranked as the finest comic romance of our time. Most of the comparatively few persons who read it when it was published two or three years ago immediately elected themselves members of a society for the promotion of Ilf and Petrov, but for some reason the great reading public was overtaken by a fit of stubbornness not unlike that which affected it twenty years ago when Mr. Maugham's

"Of Human Bondage" seemed destined to oblivion, despite all that its few readers could say. Recently, however, Carl Van Doren included the first chapter of "The Little Golden Calf" in his "Anthology of World Prose," and we take the fact as the first sign that the work in question (now unfortunately out of print) will sooner or later get the recognition it deserves.

From internal evidence it would be difficult to diagnose with confidence the exact state of the political convictions held by Ilf and Petrov. As satirists their chief concern is with the extravagances, the inconsistencies, and the absurdities of communism as it is actually functioning. Presumably, however, they are regarded by the authorities as usefully irritating fellow-travelers, even though "The Little Golden Calf" was forbidden publication as a book after it had been serialized, and even though the American edition was provided with an embarrassed preface by Lunacharsky, who—it is kindest to assume—had his tongue in his cheek. Actually, however, the question is of no great importance. The authors are concerned primarily with the imperfections of men, not with the defense of one political system as opposed to another, and their satire, while pointed enough, is far more often notable for its irrepressible high spirits than for venom. Their forte is a kind of farcical extravaganza which, for all its exuberance, never loses a recognizable connection with reality, and it is notable that in America, at least, some of their warmest admirers are among those sympathetically acquainted with Soviet life.

In "The Little Golden Calf" the rich, unflagging variety of the invention suggests "Don Quixote" and would be sufficient by itself to make the book one of the great comic romances. So solid is the texture that even if Soviet Russia had never existed the work could be read as a hilarious and engrossing account of life in some merely possible world. Naturally, however, it takes on a still greater significance by virtue of the rich, detailed realism of the background against which the extravagant action takes place. As for the comic adventures themselves, few readers will ever forget the moment when the two bogus sons of Lieutenant Schmitt watch the third being tossed out of the office of a provincial bureaucrat to whom they have just made a visit, or, to take two other examples, that in which the factory manager who has feigned madness to escape an inspection discovers that the cell mates of whom he is so much afraid are also malingerers, and the one in which the triumphant swindler, getting a day's start on the legitimate contenders, collects at the first village the honors, supplies, and viands prepared for the leader in a transcontinental automobile race. Even more memorable is the success with which, through a thousand details, the whole "feel" of life in a new and, to us, topsy-turvy society is communicated.

It is reported that while in this country Ilf and Petrov will send back to a Russian newspaper some sketches of life in America. If this is the plan, it is hard not to suspect in the Russian authorities some of the wisdom of the serpent. If the gentlemen have an unrestrainable tendency to see something funny wherever they look, it is to the advantage of Russian authorities to arrange that their looking shall not be exclusively confined to Soviet territory. In any event, and for the benefit of those familiar with "The Little Golden Calf," we predict that the first remark of the authors in New York will be, "This, also, is decidedly not Rio de Janeiro."

Tariff Discrimination

SECRETARY HULL'S announcement that Germany will not enjoy the benefits of the tariff concessions which have been or will be made in the Administration's reciprocal agreements is neither surprising nor of immediate significance. The action was virtually a foregone conclusion following the Reich's denunciation of the most-favored-nation clause in its commercial treaty with the United States. Obviously, Germany has no right to expect the American government to grant favors which it is unwilling to extend in return. And instead of protesting against our action, the chances are that Berlin will choose to ignore it as an idle gesture. For although fifteen months have elapsed since the signing of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act, only three pacts are actually in force—all of them of minor importance. While the products of two of the three countries with which negotiations have been concluded—Belgium and Sweden—compete to some extent with those of Germany, few of the competing articles are to be found among America's 100-odd concessions. With the Presidential campaign due to begin next spring, the possibility of a courageous reduction in the American tariff is so remote that Germany can well afford to scorn our attempted reprisal.

Unfortunately, however, the implications of our action are far more serious than its immediate effect on Germany would suggest. The attempt to bulldoze Germany into accepting our theory of trade relationships is a logical outgrowth of the bargaining psychology on which the Administration's program is based. As a measure designed—as Secretary Hull described it—"to break the log-jam of international trade," the present policy of retaliation is both shortsighted and dangerous. While reprisals occasionally achieve their objective, the history of commercial relations is dotted with instances in which they have only accentuated ill feeling and provoked counter-reprisals. We are in the paradoxical position of having adopted the two-schedule tariff system used in many European countries on the theory that this was the best means of persuading them to accept our single-schedule system.

It would be useless for Germany to deny that certain of its trade practices are discriminatory. But as a debtor country caught in the vise of the world depression, its actions have at least been defensible. Unable to pay all of its debts, one can readily understand why it should offer the most favorable arrangements for repayment to such countries as would grant an increased outlet for German exports. Whether these tactics have actually proved advantageous to Germany is beside the point; they appeared in the guise of defensive measures. The United States, however, has no such excuse for adopting a policy which, if effective, merely adds fuel to the fires of economic nationalism. For a creditor to take any step which restricts trade or creates international animosity is suicidal. If our government has been right in the past—as we believe it to have been—in insisting that the abolition of discriminatory treatment is the foundation-stone of sound commercial policy, it must not yield its position merely because others have done so. To reject that principle is to abandon all hope of achieving a revival of international trade.

Issues and Men

Terrifyingly Uncharted Paths

WHATEVER the outcome at Geneva—and as I write the issues are still trembling in the balance and Mussolini has not yet spoken—it is obvious that there lie before the nations in the League terrifyingly uncharted paths. The President himself admitted this when he skilfully fenced with the reporters who asked him what action he and the heads of other nations could take in the way of sanctions if Mussolini went ahead on his abominable course. He could only reply that the State Department was studying the situation. So are all the other foreign offices and so are the responsible leaders—wondering what in the world they can do to isolate the conflict, and to bring pressure to bear on Italy without thereby involving the whole world in another conflagration which it is in no condition to stand. The very word sanctions is so new in the vocabulary of man in its sense of international punishment that it illustrates in itself the staggering novelty of the situation which confronts us. The word was not, of course, coined at Versailles, but its use in this sense of punishment was never general until it was embodied in the peace-treaty covenant, and until it was utilized by the French when they undertook that indefensible invasion of the Ruhr which brought about inflation and gave Hitler his excuse and opportunity.

Perhaps I am wrong as to England. There was something so amazingly straightforward, so frank and open in Sir Samuel Hoare's speech to the Assembly that it is possible that the British Cabinet has already logically weighed the results of opposing Mussolini and made up its mind on what it was prepared to suggest if sanctions should become inevitable. Meanwhile, however, there is obviously no consensus of opinion about what can be undertaken, only speculation as to whether isolation can be attempted without provoking immediate hostilities. What economic pressure can be applied? If Italy is to be boycotted, what articles shall be declared contraband? Can an iron ring be drawn around Italy? And are those nations which depend so much upon their trade with her to subject themselves to immeasurable inconveniences for the sake of the general welfare?

To answer such questions, overpowering in their number and importance, the League ought to have months, if not years, in which to plan and to prepare. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that these questions must be met without delay. Planning in advance might send us on the rocks upon which have foundered so many international conferences, the rocks of rivalries, bureaucratic timidities, staunch devotion to precedents that could not apply here, interminable arguing and discussion.

How great is the risk of all this is so obvious as to forbid comment. One of the most dangerous phases is certainly the alarming British naval maneuvers in the Mediterranean, which are likely to invite reprisals in a sudden offensive on Italy's side; yet I cannot quite see the logic of the British Labor Party position, which is opposed (if the London dis-

patches are correct) to applying any sanctions to Italy. Surely if Mussolini goes ahead, it means the end of all the peace machinery created since the World War. True, this machinery has failed us before when the situation was not so desperate. But how can anyone deny that if some measure short of war cannot be devised to hold in check a crazy nation we are at the mercy of the creators of war? Of course I am well aware that boycotts and sanctions are acts of war and that they may well lead to war, but grave risks must plainly be taken in this situation. If Italy should attack Ethiopia it is hard to see how it would be more possible to isolate the war than it was to isolate the Austrian attack on Serbia. We shall have war, probably a long and bloody war, if Italy is allowed to go ahead, and no man can guess what effect it may have on the relations of the black and white races throughout the world. Is it or is it not worth while to set sail upon uncharted seas in the hope of uniting world opinion and power against Italy, in the hope of forcing her to end the struggle before long?

I hope that no one will write in and say, "So you have given up your pacifism!" Nothing of the kind. There has been no change in my belief that war is never justifiable, but the hour has come when the voice of reason seems unable to control, when we are being pushed over the abyss by the deeds of a madman. Without changing my belief that war is the sum of all evil, that it can never be anything else than a disaster, and never yet has produced good results, I feel that the nations involved are more than justified if they attempt now, even at the risk of war, to find a substitute for it in the economic boycott, in measures short of war, provided they go into the undertaking with the determination that they will refuse to be drawn into actual hostilities even in the face of overt attack. If a nation cannot conquer war, the time has come not only to inquire, as my friend Joseph Wood Krutch did recently, whether Europe is a success but also whether our civilization is a success. It is the most desperate and challenging of adventures which confronts the League. Must it not be entered upon?

In the background of it all lurks a far more sinister and dangerous figure than Mussolini himself, Adolf Hitler. He will be the chief beneficiary if Mussolini defies the League, gets away with it, and destroys Abyssinia to make it his own. It is more than possible that Hitler will burst out of his country within the next few years at the head of the most daring, best-equipped, and best-disciplined army that the world has ever seen if the example is not put before him of another dictator held in check by the moral opinion and the economic—not military—forces of the rest of the nations.

Dwight Garrison Killam

Dr. Huey and Mr. Long

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

I. DEMOS AND DEMAGOGUE

HUEY LONG was too great a demagogue to be a mere charlatan. The difference seems small but it is important. The charlatan is never more than an amplifier of confusion, often quite "sincere" in confounding himself with his own noise. But the main characteristic of the political charlatan is his enormous activity in evading whatever real issues may come up. The New Deal charlatan, for instance, reconciles all the contradictions of our economy by proving, with fancy-fake statistics, that at bottom these contradictions are really complementary; and in administering these contradictions in a hundred bureaus he of course only deepens them. Upton Sinclair, who is as naive as Dostoevski's Idiot might be in American politics, would End Poverty in California, and elsewhere, by erecting a rag-tag economy within monopoly capitalism, and then wave the rag to frighten the House of Morgan. Father Coughlin, a definite fascist adventurer who fortunately is a fool, would abolish private credit, without which modern industry would bleed to death, yet he exalts capitalist production. And Doctor Townsend would give everybody over sixty \$200 a month to start heavy industry going. Such quacks, of whom undoubtedly we shall have many more, may be as honest as was little Dr. Coué, though most of them are mere publicity hounds in public misery. They have no mass base in any class, no matter how high their temporary office or how many putative millions may follow them today only to turn tomorrow to some other barker.

Huey Long was not that kind. For all his "clownishness" he was not a loud-speaker of bunk. He was a far more dangerous man because he was an expert rider of our social chaos. He was a man of character and mind who despised the charlatans with whom he often dealt. "Coughlin," he said to me, "is just a political Kate Smith on the air. They'll get tired of him." Long used demagoguery as an unscrupulous and dangerous art and not as a mere bag of tricks. He was far from being just an opportunist in the sense of jumping at every opportunity. He was a strategist of opportunism whose tactics can be studied in detail by his rise in Louisiana.

Indeed, he was the first American politician who knew how to make power just as our great "robber barons" knew how to make money. Unlike Roosevelt, he did not believe in "experimentation" for its own sake, in the pseudo-statecraft of "trial and error." His every trial was a bait for some error by his enemies, and nothing amused him as much as baiting the President, whom he came to hate with an almost insane bitterness and whom he outboxed in every round they had. It was he who framed the White House fumbling with the so-called soak-the-rich act. And even his last filibuster, which the editorial wiseacres so solemnly discussed as his "political suicide," was a brilliant bit of demagogic strategy. Long needed primarily the farmers of the country, especially in the cotton-planting South. Accordingly he stood up and seemed to fight their battle to the last breath of the adjourning Congress. And had he decided

to run against Roosevelt next year, there would have been plenty of time to point out, with telling vituperation, that the deficiency bill which he thus killed meant next to nothing; that the President had billions from which to allocate the measly \$76,000,000 which was needed to save "the aged, the crippled, and the widows"; that the President had indeed promised the Democratic Senate leaders that he would allocate this money, should the deficiency bill hold up adjournment; and that the whole social-security program of the Roosevelt Administration, anyway, violated every principle of social insurance.

Social chaos, which was Huey Long's natural habitat, results when in a period of intensifying class war there is no corresponding growth in class consciousness but in general confusion. And the demagogue is he who trades for personal power on such a widening public ignorance. Hence the demagogue cannot have an economic program, only a political strategy. Long was the perfect leader for such a period. He himself neither understood nor wished to know the fundamental class forces at work, of which his career was a profound expression. But he knew to perfection the lower-middle-class mentality which infects the whole of our American society with its bewilderment. He did not know the causes of our social anarchy but he could see through it like a cat through darkness. His economic program, which made no economic sense, made a great deal of political sense because it expressed the deepest wish of the average man in financial trouble. The American people do not crave New Deals, which they cannot understand, or Epics or Utopias or technocracies. They just want more money. Long's economic slogan expressed a simple wish of the common man—let's "share our wealth"; surely everybody is entitled to \$5,000 of the world's wealth and to \$2,500 a year per family in a land of unlimited abundance. Of course under finance capitalism this is impossible, and Huey Long, I'm sure, knew it only too well. But as a *political* slogan, it has an immense appeal to the lower middle class. The average American believes in such a seemingly reasonable program of "sharing wealth," and he will believe in it long after the Epic and Utopian dreams have disappeared. Incidentally, speaking of sound economics, Huey Long's share-our-wealth movement is quite as sound as the economics of the Brain Trusters, if anything even sounder. For though we cannot share our wealth under monopoly capitalism, we can under some form of socialism. The New Deal, however, makes no sense under any system, including cannibalism. All the New Deal has accomplished in its efforts to distribute the national income is to hand over to big finance almost thirteen billion dollars. At least Huey Long never went backward under the illusion that he was going full speed ahead.

"Will you kindly explain to me, Senator," I asked him at his Capitol, which was on the twelfth floor of the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, "how you can share wealth without socializing the productive process?"

"Never explain, my boy, never explain! For explana-

tion is the mother of sectarianism." He laughed with enormous joy at his own brilliance. "But let's suppose," he continued, "just for the sake of argument, that you're right, that you can't share wealth without socializing its creation. That's socialism, isn't it? And will you please tell me what sense there is in running on a Socialist ticket in America today? What's the use of being right only to be defeated? First you must come into power—POWER—and then you do things." That of course is the eternal argument of every demagogue.

Long's own background reflected the bewilderment and anger of the lower middle class. He was a child of the nineteenth-century populism which began with Andrew Jackson and wound up with Bryan and with Debs. In the Long clan there had been Socialist voters, and his mother, Callie Long, was the professional radical in her community. Long sprang from the deep hill-billy revolt against the apathetic and grafting "aristocracy" which was in power in Louisiana before his dictatorship, a revolt which later on was also directed against the Northern monopolies. In short, Long represented and expressed our century-old populism, which now is deteriorating into the reactionary confusion of the lower middle class. In California this deterioration is assuming definitely fascist tendencies. Long showed all the psychological characteristics, bordering on monomania, of the effective leader of such class deterioration. His central drive was his lust for personal power, which was almost visibly lascivious. You just couldn't trust him, no matter how much you liked the color of his vitality. He once wrote a book which he called "Every Man a King"; and the subtitle, automatic as a reflex action, was "The Autobiography of Huey P. Long." Obviously he thought of democracy in terms of his personal dictatorship. And his political philosophy, for all his amazing political sophistication, was very simple. It was—more power to Huey Long!

His political passion expressed itself in an enormous capacity for sustained work and thoroughness. His power of work was a neurosis by which he was driven day and night. Of late years his working day began around nine in the morning and wound up in the early hours of the next day. Every minute was spent expertly and efficiently, and his power of decision was both astute and instantaneous. On his brief trips to Louisiana he would authorize the expenditure of millions of dollars for various projects, but never before he had completely grasped their technical nature and knew every detail of their cost.

In his drive to power he was utterly ruthless. His vindictiveness was one of his most formidable weapons, and his machine was built on fear no less than on patronage. Such political selfishness of course had its drawbacks. For one thing he could never tolerate men of great ability around him and he never delegated power. His influence was co-extensive with his own energy, which is the reason why the shot which killed him also destroyed his machine. Furthermore, I do not think that he inspired a great personal loyalty in most of his henchmen, with the exception of his fellow-townsmen, Governor Allen, who had "discovered" him and really loved the little Huey who was going to be in the White House some day. As one very wise old newspaperman in New Orleans explained to me, "You can't love a man whose face you have to watch for weeks before you decide that he is in the mood to take up what's on your

mind; or who may insult you in front of everybody at any moment."

There has been much speculation about Long's intellectual qualities. The so-called "better elements" and the intelligentsia were rather condescending in their recognition of his mental discipline. The *New Republic*, for instance, began its editorial obituary of him as follows: "In the man there was one genuine thing, and that was his awe of book learning." The theory behind this estimate is that Huey Long was a self-taught country hick who through envy of his betters developed remarkable intellectual abilities. This Adlerian interpretation seems to me sheer nonsense. For one thing, Long was not at all self-educated. He went through high school and telescoped three years of law school into two. His record at Tulane is memorably brilliant. But the really important thing is that in the fields of law and of government Long did not think merely as an educated man but with a superb formal discipline. The late Chief Justice Taft and Justice Brandeis considered him one of the most brilliant constitutional lawyers who ever practiced before the United States Supreme Court. To be sure, Long was not a cultivated man and he was ignorant of almost anything which did not pertain to his intellectual interests. But so, for that matter, are most university professors. Long's conversation certainly was full of observations which were not merely natively shrewd but impossible in a man untrained in the formal literature of his subject. And his technical knowledge of government and administration was immense.

Fundamentally, however, Long's genius was his political realism. He was an instinctive Machiavellian who knew that absolute power is lawlessness legally entrenched. But he also knew that dictatorial power in America can be achieved only by perverting political democracy into a patronage dictatorship, which is exactly what he did.

II. THE SECOND LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Huey Long's rise in Louisiana is divisible into two parts. Until his threatened impeachment in 1929 he was primarily engaged in building his patronage machine. From 1929 on he was primarily engaged in integrating his power through his complete control of the legislature. On the whole, the Long machine was less corrupt than most other political machines. And through his legislative dictatorship Long could render almost anything he wanted technically honest. Also, his ambition to get into national prominence and power was so overwhelming that he carefully avoided all personal entanglements with the underworld of politics, though he had to grant considerable latitude in political ethics to some of his lieutenants. But fundamentally he rose through the bold use of patronage, encouraging in his officialdom the most outrageous nepotism. He always insisted that his machine be practically self-supporting, and that every little cog supply its own grease to keep from burning out.

Long's political career began in 1917 when he looked over the constitution of the state of Louisiana to find out to which major office a young man of twenty-four might be elected. He decided to become Railroad Commissioner, and he went about it with characteristic energy. At 2 or 3 a.m. he would land at some out-of-the-way farmhouse and wake up the folks to tell them how wonderful he was. He was

elected. From 1917 until 1924 he was first Railroad Commissioner and then Public Service Commissioner, and it was in those days that he began his fight against Standard Oil and the various public utilities on which he built his reputation as an enemy of the interests, though his final compromises with them were often questionable.

In 1924 he decided to run for Governor, and the fire of his campaign he directed against the public utilities, though he did not hesitate to accept a \$10,000 contribution from the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company. He lost the campaign, but he won a tremendous following. In 1926 he helped to elect Edwin S. Broussard to the United States Senate, thereby gaining heavy support among the Creole Catholics of southern Louisiana. He already controlled most of the Protestant hill-billy parishes (counties) in northern Louisiana where he was born, and in 1928 he was triumphantly elected to the governorship. It was then that he began to build his machine in earnest. With amazing audacity he began to fill every board, commission, and committee with his new henchmen, multiplying jobs like mushrooms. He converted the state highway patrol into a personal police force and turned the state militia more or less into his personal army. With the state militia he carried out a swift series of spectacular raids on vice and gambling houses, using the money thus confiscated to buy schoolbooks for free distribution.

His bold appropriation of the whole state apparatus and his brazen interference with the legislative process during the first year of his governorship frightened his various oppositions into a united front, and in 1929 they were under the impression that they had purchased the unwavering loyalty to democratic principles of enough state senators to get Huey impeached. But they had underestimated Huey's capacity to regain the prodigal Solons. He made a furious tour of the rural parishes, flooding them with his circulars accusing the various corporations of attempting to buy his impeachment. He pointed out to the electorate his vast program of highway construction and other public works which were just getting under way. But mainly he frightened enough senators with the threat of door-to-door campaigning against them personally in their constituencies, exposing their political records in detail. He also of course made counter-offers. "I bought them like a sack of potatoes," he subsequently said. At the crucial moment fifteen state senators, one more than needed, signed a round robin declaring that they would acquit Long regardless of any evidence presented.

His threatened impeachment was the major political crisis in Long's life. After that he "knew his friends from his enemies." From then on he encountered no major obstacles in forging the most daring dictatorship this country has ever known. He strengthened his political machine around the immediate group of men who had saved him. He proliferated his patronage throughout the state by his open control of the election boards, by creating hundreds of new jobs in connection with public works and services. And he gained popular support by his tangible results in highway and bridge building, by furnishing free textbooks and transportation for the schoolchildren, by abolishing the poll tax, beautifying the capital, and reducing to some degree public-utility rates. There can be little doubt that Long was by far the most socially-minded individual in

public life in Louisiana, which before his rise to power was in many respects the most backward state in the Union. To be sure, Long did not trouble about social legislation any more than any of his predecessors. Nor did he ever do a thing for labor, but he did proffer to the A. F. of L. the eminently practical advice of organizing in order to make its influence felt.

One of Long's closest friends remarked to me, "The genius of Huey Long lies in his gift to exploit the misery and the confusion of the American people. And he will rise into national power because this misery is not regional but national." Whether this friend was right or wrong, there is little doubt that Huey Long was rapidly extending his national influence when he was shot down. The murder of Huey Long removed the ablest representative in public life of our lower middle classes. His whole career is an index and a warning of the type of leader who might forge his way to a national dictatorship.

Such a potential leader will have to be a monomaniac for personal power. He will have to represent the populist drive in American history, which is now decaying into lower-middle-class despair. He will have to integrate his dictatorship by perverting political democracy, not by abolishing it. And if such a man should ever come to power, no matter how benevolent his intentions, it is hard to see how he can ultimately keep from submitting to finance capital, as indeed Huey Long was beginning to do toward the end of his career. For a dictatorship, even more than any other form of government, which has no economic program must submit to those who control the economic order.

Contributors to This Issue

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, coauthor with Warren Vinton of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," recently visited Louisiana to collect material for a book on the American political situation.

PAUL W. WARD is a Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

ZONA GALE is the author of "Miss Lulu Bett," "Papa La Fleur," and many other books.

ALEXANDER L. CROSBY was chief editorial writer and news editor of the *Staten Island Advance* until he was dismissed for joining the Newspaper Guild. At present he is writing a book on the American newspaper in collaboration with Heywood Broun.

CLIFTON REED is publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

F. STUART CHAPIN, professor of sociology at the University of Minnesota, is the author of "Field Work and Social Research," "Cultural Change," and other volumes.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse," is writing a book on life and manners in the eighteenth century.

MARK VAN DOREN is well known as critic, editor, and poet. His most recent books are "A Winter Diary, and Other Poems" and "The Transients," a novel.

WALTER MILLIS is the author of "The Martial Spirit" and "Road to War."

Roosevelt Keeps His Vow

By PAUL W. WARD

WHEN Roosevelt entered the White House in March, 1933, he took an oath and made a heap of promises. He vowed he would "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." He promised a New Deal for the people—a redistribution of power, with property rights made subservient to human rights, and a reformation of the nation's economic structure so firm and fundamental as to preclude any future relapse into Old Deal ways and their consequences. Today, despite all the tortured screams of Liberty Leaguers and Republican shamans, the Constitution remains inviolate. He has kept his vow. It is his promises that have been broken.

There have been no fundamental changes. Worse yet, none has been attempted. The net result of more than two years of Roosevelt rule has been the bulwarking of Old Deal institutions and the piling up of a mountainous debt, both public and private, which promises to make the next downward plunge of finance capitalism's juggernaut more crushing to the bones and souls of men than any in the past. Beyond the slight rise just ahead lies a precipitous slide into fascism's abyss, and Roosevelt has greased the skids. It was bound to be so, although by even attempting to keep his promises he might have altered to some extent the channel of events. But he was bound psychically as well as morally to keep his oath, and his oath was incompatible with his promises. The Founding Fathers were not New Dealers, and the Constitution they fashioned was intended precisely to prevent the consummation of any such plans as those to which the hopeful phrase "New Deal" was fitted. Thus the liberals and quasi-radicals who scornfully lambasted Tories for charging that Roosevelt's promises necessarily involved an assault upon the Constitution merely made themselves ridiculous, for the Tories were right. On the other hand, the Tories made themselves ridiculous by their vehement assumption that Roosevelt would undertake the assault.

He has been completely in earnest each time he has protested that the Constitution—deliberately drawn to prevent the establishment of democratic institutions and make the nation safe for stockjobbers, note-shavers, shysters, slave-traders, and other primordial profit-seekers—is safe in his care. He never has had the slightest intention of trying to alter the basic fabric of the nation's economy. He has gone out of his way to make clear that the profit motive is just as much a *sine qua non* with the Roosevelts as with the Morgans. What really ails the nation and the world, in his opinion, is simply that some of its leading citizens are gluttons or rogues, or both. He aspires merely to make life a little more decent, to provide the poor with more and better crumbs, and to make all the rich and powerful behave like gentlemen. His adumbrations on the More Abundant Life have been chiefly poll-parrottings of sentiments uttered in his presence, or written out for him, by Tugwell, Moley, Frankfurter, Wallace, and other scholastics, or else things learned as if by rote from his wife, who was soaking up Europe's heathen sociology when little

Franklin still was busy learning nothing more important than how to sail a boat.

Most of the myths that have grown up about him are the products of the press. Like an actress who pitches her opening scene too high and must talk in climactic tones through all the scenes that follow, the press, carried away by the hysteria of the 1933 banking holiday, shouted itself hoarse in introducing the new President to the nation and has been in difficulties ever since. He was presented as a dazzling thinker, a crusading radical, a masterful politician, and a messiah. His subsequent description of himself as merely a quarterback, calling one play at a time and not deciding on the next until the current one has been completed, was received as a fetching bit of modesty. Succeeding events have proved not only its accuracy but also that such a quarterback is as ineffective in politics as he is on the grid-iron. Nobody ever has improved on that "quarterback" description of the Roosevelt temperament, mentality, and technique unless it be to add that he has developed into the sort of quarterback who always punts on second down and that he seems to be playing without goal posts and sometimes without a ball.

Roosevelt is just a soft-hearted and rather charming man, with a restless disposition, a capricious intelligence, and a feverish desire to outshine that other Roosevelt who occupied the White House. His chief asset has been the fact that Hoover was his predecessor. Had Hoover been as much at ease in public and as articulate, had he had a tenth of Roosevelt's showmanship, Roosevelt would have been just another President. The chief difference between Roosevelt and Hoover is that the former has a genuine liking for all sorts and conditions of people, even though he is inclined to confuse the public pulse with the engine throbs of Vincent Astor's yacht. No more than Hoover, is Roosevelt a masterful politician when faced with a fight. Republican leaders in Congress under Hoover used to say a man would have to have St. Vitus's dance to stand behind him. Democratic leaders in Congress say the same thing of Roosevelt today. He has been known to receive opponents and proponents in concert and send both sides away claiming to have enlisted his support.

The myth that Roosevelt is a crusading radical is as empty as the masterful-politician myth. His radicalism consists of a thirst for novelty; anything that is "different" elicits his enthusiasm. His bona fide crusades are confined to attempts to crush and humiliate men he considers his personal enemies. He is not thin-skinned and can stand any measure of criticism of his Administration up to the point where criticism, in his opinion, becomes only a disguised attack on himself. His attack on the public utilities, though well-justified, apparently sprang from a belief that their leaders were his personal foes. In no other offensive was he so vigorous. In no other did he show such clear fixity of purpose as in his fight for the Wheeler-Rayburn holding-company bill. As for being a dazzling thinker, Roosevelt is on the contrary non-intellectual, a man who lives and

thinks on the skin of things. His inability to grapple with abstract ideas has been impressed upon all members of the inner circle. His advisers have learned they must eschew generalizations and resort to exposition by example when laying new propositions before him.

His mastery of the press is another Roosevelt myth. He is supposed to be inordinately clever in dodging delicate questions and in supplying the press with only such information as he chooses to impart. It is true that he successfully dodges many delicate questions, and that whereas he provides White House correspondents with a superabundance of copy it is all tailored to fit his aspirations, but there is nothing particularly clever about the process. The cards are stacked in his favor. Even the size of his press conferences, which sometimes draw an attendance of 300 reporters, operates to his advantage by making each individual in his audience hesitant about asking questions lest the questioner seem to be taking up more than his share of the time. But more important is the fact that one does not cross-examine and attempt to pin down the President of the United States. Furthermore, nothing he says may be put in quotation marks without express permission, rarely given, and there is a wide range of answers which may not even be attributed to him, though they may be published as authoritative representations of the President's views. What distinguishes his press conferences from those of his predecessor is Roosevelt's cheerfulness and loquacity.

Like most New Dealers he is ready to air his views at length on many subjects and does so, though the results frequently are unhappy. In all this communicativeness there is a mixture of irresponsibility and self-righteousness. Roosevelt has not yet fully realized that, as one of his predecessors once said, any word from the President weighs a ton, and he is so supremely sure of his chastity of purpose in those cases that start his tongue to wagging freely that he has no fear of being trapped in his statements. When the case is otherwise, he dodges. In those instances he does an excessive amount of what vaudevillians call "mugging for a laugh"; that is to say, he grins and grimaces, tosses his head, and either chuckles loudly or guffaws. He enjoys his jokes and for a time most of his audience did, too, but these artful dodges have become increasingly a source of irritation to members of the corps.

Even Roosevelt's reputation for having substantially lifted the general level of federal office-holders is imponderable when one considers his Cabinet and secretariat. Both, to be sure, represent an improvement over the corresponding councils of the last few Administrations, but they fall far short of any standard represented by the term New Deal. Roosevelt's secretariat especially is second-rate and many of his shortcomings may be attributed to this fact. None of his secretaries is equipped to grapple with international or even national economic problems, and thus they fail to bring to Roosevelt's attention many matters of vital importance. There are three of them—Secretary Louis McHenry Howe and Assistant Secretaries Marvin Hunter McIntyre and Stephen Early—and they are men of small affairs. "Greeter" McIntyre, an inconstant nymph of fifty-seven summers, has the manner of a floorwalker and the yearnings of a ribbon clerk. He is the man who keeps the President's appointment schedules and passes upon those callers who shall or shall not be allowed to see the Presi-

dent. To a large extent he is blamed for the fact that less and less are the President's visitors men of the veritable New Deal stripe and more and more are they hard-shelled politicians and Old Deal buccaneers of finance and industry. McIntyre exercises no strict supervision over his own calling list. Almost every lobbyist in Washington can with some justice lay claim to being one of his best friends, and most of them do—to their profit. His free time is spent frolicking with these gentry in hotel rooms and at country clubs. He is well aware that many lobbyists have collected sizable fees as a result of being seen in public with him and of being able to reach him at any time. He even has helped them on occasion to impress their clients by ostentatious promises to lay their propositions before the President in person the first thing in the morning. Such qualms as he may have over all this business he brushes away with the assertion that if the lobbyists were not his friends they would pretend to be anyway, and the results would be no different.

McIntyre, a Kentuckian, was city editor of the Washington *Times* from 1909 to 1917, when he enlisted in George Creel's war-time propaganda bureau and was assigned to the Navy Department. It was there that he met Roosevelt, and when Roosevelt campaigned for the Vice-Presidency in 1920, McIntyre was his publicity man. Hard times fell upon him thereafter. He spent several years doing odd jobs in journalism. He picked up a precarious living writing articles on national-defense topics for the *Army and Navy Journal* and similar publications. Later he got a job with a newsreel outfit as a contact man whose business it was to arrange such matters as getting camera men aboard battleships at target practice. A merger squeezed him out of this berth and he was on his uppers when luck tossed him back into the Roosevelt entourage in 1932. Several journalists of prominence having rejected the offer, McIntyre was hired as Roosevelt's publicity man. Before the campaign ended, he was serving principally as business manager for the President's campaign train, his talents as a press liaison officer being more negative than positive. Nevertheless, he was slated to become Roosevelt's press liaison officer at the White House until, at the last moment, wiser counsels prevailed and the post was given to Early.

Early, who had been slated for the job McIntyre now holds, also had been with Roosevelt in the 1920 campaign, serving as his advance man. Born forty-six years ago in Virginia, he was educated in the public schools of Washington before he entered newspaper work there in 1908. After the World War, from which he emerged with a captaincy and a medal, he became press agent for the United States Chamber of Commerce, and after the 1920 Presidential campaign he returned to the Associated Press's Washington staff. He gave up newspaper work in 1927 to become Washington representative for one of the motion-picture and newsreel companies, and he left that post to join the White House secretariat at Roosevelt's bidding.

Despite his chronic surliness he is rated by reporters as the most expert press officer the White House has ever known. He is the White House spokesman on those days when there are no Presidential press conferences, and unlike his predecessors in the office he seldom makes the mistake of trying to guess what is in the President's mind.

He is loyal, efficient, unimaginative, but not so well-informed as he might be. There was, for example, the occasion when Roosevelt, pondering the prudence of truckling to Hearst and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association by clipping the wings of the National Labor Relations Board when it asserted jurisdiction over the newspaper industry, asked Miss Perkins whether there were any members of the American Newspaper Guild among the White House correspondents. The Guild presented the case on which the NLRB's jurisdictional claim was based. Miss Perkins referred the President's question to Early and Early replied with misinformation. That is to say, his answer to the President's question was in the negative and Roosevelt thereby was falsely assured that he could clip the NLRB's wings without arousing the press corps. It was, furthermore, a major error in press strategy, for it caused an almost universal doubt of the President's courage and sincerity among the correspondents, who until then had been willing to give him the benefit of all doubts.

Early, in addition to directing the White House's press relations, directs those of the Administration as a whole by virtue of the fact that he controls appointments to the press sections of all federal departments and agencies. There are several hundred men and women in these press sections, and together they form a propaganda machine without precedent in American government. There is little truth, however, in the charge that the Administration has seduced the press by buying up hundreds of its ablest reporters. In the first place, the great majority of the men and women so hired were out of work at the time and sought their federal berths; in the second place, only a handful of them are experts at their trade; and, in the third place, they have no substantial influence on the men who report the government's operations. To be sure, they attempt at all times to put their department's operations in the best possible light, but most of them are scrupulous about stating the facts when properly questioned. Many of them spend a large part of their time writing speeches for Congressmen, which the latter deliver, of course, without credit to the authors. The most questionable practice indulged in by these departmental press sections—and it is resorted to in only a few departments, such as the AAA and the PWA—is the preparation of magazine articles extolling the agency's virtues. These articles are discreetly offered to writers not on the federal payroll with the understanding that they are free to market them without change under their own signatures. By this device the free-lance journalist gets paid for writing he has not done, and the federal agency gets its arguments before the public without disclosing its hand.

Howe is the mystery man of the secretariat and the principal reason why it does not include any man capable of advising the President on matters of national policy. He would not stand for inclusion in the secretariat of a man who was his peer, and such are his claims upon the President that Howe's prejudice is law. Howe is a king-maker. It was he who stood by Roosevelt throughout his convalescence from poliomyelitis and who persuaded Roosevelt to return to public life. He began plotting to put Roosevelt in the White House back in the Wilson era, and far more than Jim Farley he was responsible for the political machinations through which Roosevelt obtained the nomination in 1932. Howe is a cunning politician and little more than that. He

was raised at Saratoga, where the political bosses of New York State bury their dead, and when he was only seventeen years old he became the old New York *Herald's* correspondent there. His father was a newspaper publisher at Saratoga.

Later Howe absorbed further political training at Albany, where he represented both the *Herald* and the New York *Telegram* for fifteen years. He met Roosevelt when the latter was serving his first term as senator from Dutchess County and managed Roosevelt's campaign for reelection. When Roosevelt went to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Howe went along as his secretary. He has been with him ever since, playing a behind-the-scenes role so quietly that almost nothing is known about the man himself. The public has had only one intimate glimpse of him since he entered the White House with Roosevelt. That was the incident of the CCC toilet kits, the implications of which seemed so profane in those early sacred days of the New Deal that it was quickly hushed up. It seemed that a certain manufacturers' agent had some thousands of toilet kits he was anxious to sell to the CCC and that the agent, informed that the best way to sell things to the government was to establish contact in high places, sought the advice of Basil O'Connor, Roosevelt's law partner. It further appeared that O'Connor referred the agent to Louis Howe, that Howe besought the War Department's good offices for the agent, that the War Department immediately and without further question bought the agent's toilet kits, and that the agent's kits cost the CCC about twice as much as similar kits used by the army. The agent said the kits were better than those the army used and made the boys in CCC camps very happy.

Howe, a gnome-like figure with a marmoset face, emerged from his White House lair to explain to a House investigating committee that he merely had asked the War Department to examine the agent's kits; then he slipped back out of sight again. The only other public contretemps that has arisen to plague him was the credit heaped upon him by the A. N. P. A. for persuading Roosevelt to snatch the Jennings case away from the Biddle board. For many months he has had no active part in White House affairs. A complex of diseases has laid him low at sixty-four and he is today a bedridden invalid, confined to his room in the White House and forced to spend much of his time under an oxygen tent. His principal occupation is playing the races. A friend who recently sought to enlist his interest in a variety of political questions found Howe preoccupied and feignedly disgruntled because a local police campaign against gambling joints had left him without a bookie to whom he could telephone a bet.

With Howe's passing from the front-line trenches, Roosevelt has lost both drive and direction. Howe had kept Roosevelt's courage whipped up. He himself had few views outside the mechanics of politics, though he regarded himself as a fiery liberal and could grow heated in his denunciations of predatory wealth. On the other hand, he had a vast admiration for Owen D. Young and Gerard Swope, whom he considered outstanding examples of enlightened industrialists. He would have liked to see both in Roosevelt's Cabinet.

[This is the last article in Mr. Ward's series on F. D. R.—the Boss in the Back Room.]

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

By ZONA GALE

IN the long, slow development of our social consciousness, Charlotte Perkins Gilman flamed like a torch. This seems the right simile, for she burned her way about the world, one message blazing from her spoken and written words and from her living: "Life is for growth."

Anything which hampered or thwarted the growth, the expanding consciousness, the increasing cooperation of the Human Being, that Unit of Life, was to her the sin not so much unpardonable as incredible. For life is for growth. That was the brilliant common sense of her enormous awareness of the human scene.

Set against the simple tragedy, the simple ambition, even the simple aspiration of the individual life, this interpretation of hers raised living to new riches. It's not new to us now. We know about it. But when Charlotte Perkins began to understand it, most ethical concepts in America still had to do with individual morality and the hope of personal reward after death.

In the 1870's Arnold Toynbee had not yet begun to preach his "self-identification with the oppressed" in London, and Toynbee Hall, forerunner of Hull House, was not yet opened. But even if she had heard of this doctrine, it is doubtful whether it would have interested Charlotte Perkins. "What are you about, sitting there all oppressed?" she might have said. "Stand up and realize that you belong to the human race. And as for you who know better and live better, and are nothing loath to see or even to be oppressors, open your eyes! You belong to the human race too. What are you going to do about it?"

Man not so much his brother's keeper as his brother's brother. It was as simple as that. But it was still revolutionary then—as it remains still unpracticed now.

Especially the stunted developments of women aroused her passion and her pity and her protest. Women, "specialized to sex and to housework"; women, "confusing marriage with domestic service." She saw in women exquisite beings hardly more than potential in their powers; beings of delicate intuitions, sensitized to aspects of living not yet drawn through into experience—and they, dictated to by man's needs, his comforts, his passions, and these exclusively. "Every man," she stormed, "requires one whole woman to minister to him! There must be nothing left to her." And again: "What else can she do with her powers, her energies, her sense of social consciousness? No, for when he comes home, she must be *there*! And when they ask you to marry them they say: 'I need you so!'"

In the rich and shared living into which certain men and women have entered now, all this is a commonplace; and in certain bizarre extremes of today such a picture as she draws has long since passed. But in the 1870's this was heresy to which every sort of opprobrium was attached. The idea of any life for women besides that offered by sex and housework was then unthinkable, and the larger integration could not be visualized at all. That women had many another contribution to make which would enrich society and human growth; that women could be mothers to the race as

well as to one family "around the evening lamp"; that unlimited child-bearing is immoral; that if a woman is equipped for or specialized to creative work, then to do housework alone, even her own, is against even the Hebrew Bible's injunction on the subject of the talents; that woman's share in living is as limitless as that of man—all this was new and heretical then, and today it still remains heretical to millions.

She never thought of suffrage for women as anything more than one iron in that fire. Useful, expectable, inevitable. That, of course. Then more, more! She had a thousand suggestions no less vital. Women must be released from drudgery. Gorgeous creatures they were, with power in music, in teaching, in nursing, in art, in a physician's ways; and they must be released from the individual kitchen. College education was just opening to women. But she longed for more. She longed for the release of the married—say, through central kitchens; no one could get decent ice cream, pastry, preserves, tinned stuffs in that day save through the individual kitchen, and the woman who stitched her husband's shirt-bosoms was much more highly appraised than the one whose husband bought his shirts, as was possible even then. A public laundry was disdainfully regarded no matter how well the work was done. As for cooked food ever being served from a central kitchen or ready-made dresses worn—either was ridiculed. "But," Charlotte Perkins would say, "a man does not build all of his own house any more, or make his own shoes, or his own suits. Why should a woman . . .?"

In the 1870's already she was as scornful of the woman who had to be "protected," who dared not walk alone on the streets at night, as is the woman of today. And once, when she had refused a man's "escort" to her home, he cried in bewilderment: "But any man would be glad to protect a woman. Man is a woman's natural protector!"

And she asked him: "Against whom?"

She was one of the first to stand for the use of her own name by the professional woman after marriage—or by any woman, if she so prefers; and one of the first to note that there exists no law whatever against this, but only a convention.

She stood always for equality of the moral standard for both men and women—but she expected that the level of the standard would be up to where she believed that women stood and not at a point which she believed to be down, where the lax and casual superseded the slow effort toward the understanding that life and its processes are probably more than that which we believe them to be. So that now, after all her prophetic thinking, it comes about that Mrs. Gilman is regarded by many of the new generation as reactionary, because of the impatience she showed at the useful bunglings of Freud, that husky bull in the Venetian-glass shop of certain still-veiled equilibriums.

One of her greatest social contributions was her interpretation of the needs of childhood. In her youth no one had ever heard of a nursery school. Kindergartens had not

long arrived in this country. The whole duty of a mother was to give entire and ungraded instruction to her children. How did she know enough to do this? Well, wasn't she a mother? Did not God-given wisdom in how to do these things arrive with the baby? And so on. It seems strange now, in the light of the enormous literature on child psychology, on understanding children, on their development, to realize that "train" and "discipline" were the two words then most often applied to the growth of children. Human growth again. This hope, always in her thought, taught her that children were everywhere misunderstood and lied to and inhibited and repressed and crippled in mind and in energy by the terrible impress of the adult upon a consciousness of which, in a large measure of cases, that adult knew next to nothing. Some children, Charlotte Perkins saw, came through by the grace of God and by the circumstance of wise and understanding and intelligent parents. But by far the majority, she held, in literal numbers, were crossed and stunted and flawed in their growth by parental unwisdom, parental selfishness, masking too often as parental love—and usually totally unselfconscious.

So she preached that a majority of children under school age were being ruined in their homes. At this women, of course, turned to rend her. She advocated great airy nurseries where small children could be taken and developed, taught to *grow*, by women specialized and trained in this wisdom. Women called her an unnatural creature. Now,

in the days of pre-kindergarten care, of the books on "newer ways with children," of the definite knowledge that children may be mentally scarred for life before they are five years old, all this objection to child development takes its place with the old cry against college education for women.

She was, all her life, a glorious companion to all who knew her. Her spirit, her zest ("zest—the last gift of the immortals," Edmund Clarence Stedman once said) are beyond anyone else's approach. Her physical energy as a girl was super-normal, super-natural, and her mental energy the same in later life. I can see her enunciating some new line of attack on some horizon, and ceasing, and laughing: "I'm a mile high, and shining!" She was—she is.

"Women and Economics," probably her greatest book, acclaimed in England even more favorably than in America, where it became a great textbook, will stand for many as the sum of her lifework. It lit to energy many thousands of the unaware, the indolent, the oblivious, and made of them socially conscious beings. You cannot say for a book more than this, unless you can also say that it kindled a spiritual energy. And the book did both. It does both now, and will continue to do so. It is a clear call to all women to be "a mile high, and shining."

[Charlotte Perkins Gilman died on August 17 at the age of seventy-five. Miss Gale's article is from the preface to "*The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman*," to be published by the Appleton-Century Company in October.]

The Meaning of the Modern Drama

IV. The New Dispensation

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the course of the last article it was remarked that during something like ten years the American dramatist had tended to become less and less of a revolutionist—not because he had become, absolutely, more conservative, but because the ideas of his audience had gradually approximated more and more closely those for which the playwrights of the preceding generation had been compelled to fight. It was no longer necessary to argue because there was, broadly speaking, nothing more to argue about.

But this mere exhaustion of the subject matter of a controversy was not the only reason that the emphasis of the dramatic writer tended to shift; for as the excitement of the debate subsided, writers and public alike tended to become more aware of the interest and value inherent in the task to which literature more commonly addressed itself—the task, that is to say, of exploring the emotional quality of life as it is lived in a particular society.

Looking back upon the earlier "new drama" one can hardly fail to note the extraordinary faith which it implied, not only in the adequacy but also in the ultimate sufficiency of argument, and while its creators proclaimed that frankness and rationality were necessary they seemed to imply at the same time that nothing else was. The only things which stood between man and the Good Life were certain hypocrisies and certain injustices. All that reason needed

was permission to attack them, and once it had done so, man would be ready to enter into a rational paradise.

But this age of faith in doubt—or, if one prefers to be less paradoxical, of faith in rationality—was succeeded by an age of despair even of doubt. In the field of the novel such writers as D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley represent a rediscovery of, or a reemphasis upon, certain human problems. They proclaim aloud their new awareness of the fact that it is not enough for man to understand his world; that he must also discover some way of making an emotional adjustment to it. In a sense they also proclaimed at the same time their impotence to achieve what is probably the chief function of literature, namely, the discovery of some such emotional adjustment.

Shakespeare did nothing to change the fundamental ideas of the Elizabethan man in the street. So far Shaw was right. But Shaw nowhere seems to admit that Shakespeare did something which may possibly be quite as important—he enormously developed and enriched those ideas. If he did not change the premises of the man in the street he did demonstrate to him how, upon the basis of those premises, life might come to seem engrossing, exciting, and grandiose. By the criteria which he proposed, Shaw's plays were "better than Shakespeare's," but there gradually emerged a growing, though not fully conscious, tendency to realize

that what Shakespeare did supremely and Shaw very imperfectly was quite as important as what Shaw did so well and Shakespeare not at all. This realization might be based upon a certain loss of faith in the importance of social reform as such. But one does not need to be completely cynical in order to grant a great importance to the poet in the Shakespearean rather than the revolutionary sense. One need only realize that even in a society evolving in the direction of a possibly perfect future, men still are compelled to live, for the present, a life which can and should yield something in joy and beauty. One need only realize that while the most absorbed and devoted of zealots may possibly achieve an adjustment by referring everything to the future, the majority of even the "socially conscious" must, whatever they may profess, live a life in which the familiar desires and disappointments of the human being play an important role. Whatever may be happening to society, we still love and hate, succeed and fail. Jealousy is as real as it ever was to Iago, and the need, not only to work out our problems in accordance with our intellectual convictions, but also to fit our emotions into a pattern which we can respect, is as insistent as it was in Shakespeare's day.

Now the traditional forms of the drama—tragedy, comedy, and melodrama—are merely the forms into which it tends to fall whenever it is devoting itself chiefly to the task of exploring and justifying the experience of living in any given society. Melodrama, the simplest of the three, devises a series of incidents in which conventional virtue triumphs over conventional vice and by reference to the specific case suggests that such story-book solutions adequately represent the pattern of life. Comedy and tragedy, on the other hand, are alike in their assumption that the dissonances rather than the simple harmonies of existence furnish the problem to art, and each seeks in its own way a subtle resolution of these obvious dissonances—the first by suggesting how they may be discounted in terms of a wry common sense, the second by offering man some vision of grandeur by way of compensation for the failure of his desires to achieve fulfilment.

Moreover, the three methods have remained essentially the same from the days of the Greeks to the present. Only in the greatest works are the patterns perfectly achieved, but in so far as dramatic writing tends to be classical, just to that extent does it tend also to approximate the melodramatic, the tragic, or the comic genre. And from this point of view it makes not the slightest difference that the background of intellectual and moral convictions may vary from age to age almost as much as the outward incidents do. The definitions of virtue and vice accepted in a current melodrama like "Ceiling Zero" may be very different from those presented in the melodramas of a generation ago. The heroes of our smarter pieces are, for example, usually hard-boiled instead of sentimental, and they are usually cynical rather than edifyingly prosy. But that merely means that hard-boiledness and a certain superficial cynicism have become part of the current picture of a dashing hero. Melodrama is still melodrama so long as it achieves its solution by presenting the outward triumph of a conventional hero.

The simple case of melodrama will serve to suggest how analogous changes take place in the more complex structures of comedy and tragedy without changing the

fundamental character of the pattern. Current conceptions of grandeur and common sense vary from time to time just as current conceptions of virtue do. There is something fundamentally archaic about the "Iliad," for example, because—to take a striking illustration which Shaw cited in another connection—the action of the hero in refusing decent burial to his enemy and in dragging the latter's body seven times around the walls of Troy under the eyes of a sorrowing widow does not strike us as particularly heroic. But the "Iliad" was a heroic poem because it presented life as justified by heroism as heroism was understood by the audience for which it was intended.

It is partly because of this process of often unconscious redefinition that comedies and tragedies and melodramas are continuously written. One of the functions of art is to reaffirm the validity of the comic or tragic adjustments to life in terms of the currently accepted definitions of virtue and vice, grandeur and heroism, common sense and sentimentality. And the point which has been labored repeatedly through this series of articles is just that the American drama of the past decade has been a drama whose main purpose was such reaffirmation in terms of the current "ideology" as well as in terms of the current scene.

For the purposes of the argument it is not necessary that we should agree whether this drama was conspicuously successful or unsuccessful. The intention is merely to define what kind of drama it was. And this definition is important, first, because there has been an almost universal failure on the part of commentators to make the important distinction, and, second, because it is extremely significant in connection with the new "revolutionary" movement in the theater.

I shall not attempt to assign credit to any particular writer for originating this movement. Perhaps it was Mr. Lawson or Mr. Rice who, in this country at least, first indicated to the revolutionary groups how they might use the theater in the interests of their enthusiasm. In any event the important point is that the movement manifested itself less as a new beginning than as a reversal in the direction of development. The American drama was on its way toward a kind of classicism. The more simply didactic elements were tending to disappear, when they were suddenly reemphasized by a group with new doctrines to teach. To anyone who has embraced Marxism as a complete philosophy of life it must seem obvious that the subject matter of the controversy carried on by Ibsen and Shaw was exhausted only because it was never very substantial. The task of the "revolutionary" dramatists, as they see it, is to take up the battle where it was dropped a decade or more ago and to carry to victory a war which had previously been fought upon only minor issues.

The extent to which this initial assumption of the Marxian dramatist is correct, must, of course, remain for the present a matter of opinion. But if, for the sake of argument, we grant his contention that a Marxian transvaluation of values affecting our attitude toward all human experience is inevitable and necessary, then he is obviously faced with a situation somewhat like that which Ibsen and Shaw were compelled to meet. Perhaps when both his interpretation of events and his standard of values have been established in the minds of the public, he may write a classic drama within the framework of a stable Marxian

tradition; meanwhile he must labor as Ibsen did to establish his premises while condemning as both trivial and premature the work of those playwrights who attempt to build upon a culture destined to only a brief existence.

It is, however, interesting to note that even the dramatists of Soviet Russia are said to be finding it difficult to make the transition from the didactic to the classic style. One would suppose that in Russia, at least, the Marxian orthodoxy might safely be taken for granted and that by now all the arguments had been fully expressed, but Maxim Gorki recently remarked upon the inability of playwrights to deal with the great characters and great themes which, so he said, were everywhere about them. They continue, he complained, to harp instead upon the problem, now definitely passé, of the difficulties experienced by the individual in adapting himself to the new life, and it would appear that the writers cling to the fiction of a continuous civil war in order to give significance to the propagandist tendencies from which they cannot free themselves.

Two facts of which the American Marxist writer ought to be aware may possibly account for artistic difficulties greater in his case than they were in the case of the Shaw-Ibsen group. In the first place, he has far less opportunity than they had for originating ideas. A generation ago the "new dramatists" were in certain cases the original source of certain attitudes. Ibsenism was something which to no inconsiderable extent Ibsen created. But the Marxian dramatist inherits an ideological system; he is at the periphery, not the center, of "the movement"—a mere appendage to an intellectual development whose main front is the economic principle. In the second place, this ready-made system is so distressingly complete that, granted the desire for orthodoxy which seems to be usually his, he is limited very narrowly to the task of devising fables which will illustrate with almost mechanical accuracy the principles laid down in sacred writings.

A science may be more impressive and more valuable than such a loose aggregation of opinions, tastes, and preferences as constituted the backbone of the older "new drama." But a literature which confines itself to the illustration of "scientific truths" is likely to be a rather barren one for the simple reason that once a truth can be stated in scientific terms it is no longer worth while to state it in terms of art, whose chief function is to deal with those thoughts and feelings which elude scientific statement. In so far as the Marxian be granted his claim to have discovered a method of treating scientifically the entire life of the emotions, and to have made human character predictable by reference to known economic determinants, just so far has he rendered art unnecessary—or at least so restricted the scope of the artist as to leave him only two functions: the composition of didactic fables for the use of minds too primitive to grasp an abstract statement, and the creation of essentially oratorical works designed to arouse the enthusiasm of party members.

It is not, I think, unfair to say that most of the Marxist plays so far written in America tend to exhibit the defects inherent in this narrow conception of the playwright's business. On the intellectual side they seem less efforts to discover what *aperçus* the artist can add to the dialectician's formal scheme than attempts to devise puppet shows in the course of which stock figures, generalized al-

most to the point of allegory, are made to move precisely as the laws of the dialectician require that they should. On the emotional side, they tend to confine themselves to obvious appeals to partisan spirit and to indulge in red-flag waving of a sort which George M. Cohan might have approved of if Mr. Cohan had been a Communist, but which, artistically, does hardly more credit to communism than songs about the grand old rag did to the spirit of America. The performance of a new play at the Theater Union suggests nothing so much as a preelection rally, and even a piece as effective as "Waiting for Lefty" has a good deal of the pep talk in its method.

Up to the present, the enthusiasm of the revolutionary theater is obviously its greatest asset. Its future, of course, will depend in part upon the talent of the writers, but even if the existence of that talent be taken for granted, a fundamental question remains to be answered. We are not, of course, concerned here with the validity of the Marxian philosophy in the field of economics, but we are very much concerned with the question of its ability to displace, as completely as some of its proponents insist that it must, all other methods of presenting and interpreting the emotional life of man. So far, at least, no other philosophy, from Christian theology to Freudian psychology, has proved equal to the task. Almost always the great artist has been compelled to admit the existence of elements which eluded his philosophy and which had to be dealt with in that rather loose, unsystematic, and tentative manner which characterizes the method of the artist as distinguished from the method of the system builder. In all probability it was not, after all, Francis Bacon who wrote "Hamlet."

[*This is the concluding article of Mr. Krutch's series.*]

Correspondence

Academic Freedom in California

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

I do not know whether you have had occasion to refer in your columns to the case of Victor Jewett, a junior-high-school teacher of Eureka, California, who has been under fire for several years for alleged "radicalism." A long series of threats, accusations, discriminatory acts, including an arbitrary and illegal 20 per cent cut in his salary last May and numerous attacks leveled against him by the local newspapers, business men, and politicians, has recently culminated in his dismissal from the school under circumstances which appear to be a plain violation of his legal rights under the California Teachers' Tenure Act.

To the best of my knowledge Victor Jewett has never been officially charged with misconduct or any improper fulfillment of his duties which would warrant his dismissal. He has never been given an opportunity to defend himself against the many vicious attacks made upon him in the newspapers and over the radio. In August, 1934, he was suddenly transferred from his special subject, social studies, which he had taught exclusively for five years, to mathematics. The school authorities refused to give any reason. He was given no explanation for the discriminatory cut in his salary. The news of his dismissal by the Board of Education reached him not through an official communication but through an article in the *Humboldt Standard* of August 15.

Among eighty courses in the Fall term opening Sept. 30

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

15 lectures on THE EUROPEAN NOVEL

Fridays, 8:20-10 P.M. Series \$12.50, single lectures \$1.

JOHN T. FLYNN

12 lectures on CURRENT AFFAIRS

Mondays, 8:20-10 P.M. Series \$10, single lectures \$1.

JAMES RORTY

15 lectures on

FUNCTIONAL CRITIQUE OF ADVERTISING

Fridays, 8:20-10 P.M. Series \$12.50, single lectures \$1.

ARTHUR FEILER

15 lectures on

CARTELS, TRUSTS AND THE STATE

Tuesdays, 8:10-10 P.M. Series \$15.

Send for catalogue N

Tel.: AL. 4-2567

**THE NEW SCHOOL
FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH**
66 WEST 12th STREET, NEW YORK

"HITLER OVER GERMANY"

A Series of Four Lectures

by

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Oct. 10—"Impressions: Things Seen and Heard"

Oct. 17—"Fundamentals: The Facts Beneath the Impressions"

Oct. 24—"The Fate of Minority Groups: Jews, Christians, Communists"

Oct. 31—"The Future: What Does It Hold for Germany and the World?"

At the
Community Church Center
550 West 110th Street

At 8:30 P. M.

QUESTIONS

Course Tickets: \$1.50 and \$2.50
Single Tickets: 50¢ and 75¢.

ON SALE AT THE CHURCH CENTER

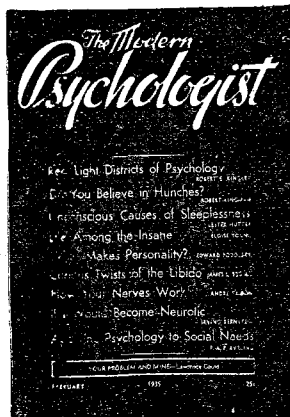
Lonely Women

Is the title of the feature article in the September issue of *The Modern Psychologist*. Dr. Chideckel, an eminent American physician, discusses at great length one of the most common, yet the most devastating, of the female perversions—tribadism—. The only female perversion that leads to insanity.

His study is illustrated with many fascinating cases, drawn from his vast experience. This article is meant for the intelligent reader and serious student of vital social problems, not for the thrill hound.

Send 25 cents for single copy or \$1.00 for trial subscription.

The MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST
142 West 24th Street
New York City.



Mr. Jewett is charged with "unprofessional conduct." According to the Tenure Act, specific charges of unprofessional conduct must be made and verified, and the teacher must be given an opportunity to defend himself before May 15. When Mr. Jewett signed his contract last May for the school year 1935-36, there was no mention of any charges against him. On July 1 the board voted his dismissal. He was not officially notified of this action, which the board admitted to have been illegal by again voting his dismissal on August 14.

The dismissal of Mr. Jewett is coincident with the great Eureka lumber strike. Mr. Jewett's real crime, it appears, is twofold: first, in his course in social studies he urged such subversive ideals as scientifically planned production, minimum wages, low rent, social insurance; second, Mr. Jewett is sympathetic to labor. As a member of an American Federation of Teachers' local and of the Eureka Federated Trades and Labor Council, both affiliated with the A. F. of L., he considers himself a laborer. Before the recent clamor for his dismissal Mr. Jewett was regarded as a highly successful and stimulating teacher, and his work was praised by pupils, parents, and school administrators, from the vice-principal to the superintendent. In a highly laudatory letter of recommendation written last fall, Principal Glenn made the statement that Victor Jewett was a teacher whom any school should be proud to have on its staff.

On the basis of available evidence it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Jewett's dismissal is the direct result of pressure exerted by business interests upon the school administration. As it stands at present, the case can justifiably be construed as a serious violation of democratic rights. It is reasonable and fair to protest against what appears as evasive, secretive, arbitrary, irregular, and illegal tactics on the part of the Eureka Board of Education, to urge the board to make a full and open statement of its case against Mr. Jewett, and to sustain him in his defense of his legal rights.

Berkeley, Cal., September 7 HAAKON M. CHEVALIER

And in Omaha

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

That the dismissal of President W. E. Sealock of the Municipal University of Omaha was to some extent occasioned by James E. Davidson, president of the Nebraska Power Company and chairman of the University Board of Regents, seems clear from a letter which Dr. Sealock wrote to Senator George W. Norris a few hours before committing suicide. The letter was printed in part in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

While religious bigotry and a desire to prevent expansion of the university were probably the most important motives behind Dr. Sealock's dismissal, it is clearly evident that his defense of professors who touched upon the controversial power issue in class was also used against him. That Dr. Sealock refused to accept the dictates of the power trust as laid down by James E. Davidson is made plain by a few quotations from Dr. Sealock's letter to Senator Norris:

I have been ousted from the Municipal University of Omaha, while absent on university business, and no reasons have been given, or apparently will be given, by the Board of Regents. This being true, it behooves me to state to the public at large the truth about the matter. Shortly before this, Mr. Davidson had called me informing me that my minister, the Reverend Laurance R. Plank of the Unitarian Church, had referred to the Nebraska Power Company in an uncomplimentary way. I suggested to him that he should have a talk with Dr. Plank if he felt that Dr. Plank had received information which was not correct, and set him right. In other words, I refused to call Dr. Plank down for making a statement about the Ne-

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

braska Power Company, for I did not know whether it was true or not. I assumed, of course, that Dr. Plank had made a fair effort to get at the truth, for he is a scholar as well as an outstanding minister.

Mr. James E. Davidson, who is president of the Nebraska Power Company, is the president of our Board of Regents. On April 4, 1935, while I was in his office discussing matters relative to the university he took rather violent exception to what he termed unjust and unfair teaching in the university by Dr. V. Royce West, one of our professors. . . . I wrote Mr. Davidson the next day, telling him exactly what had been done and calling attention to the fact that the TVA project and numerous other matters, economic and governmental, of necessity had to be discussed in university classes. I am confident that my defense of Dr. West was, in a large measure, the reason for Mr. Davidson's taking exception to my administration.

Further it should be noted that the meeting of the board at which I was ousted was a secret one, held in the office of the Nebraska Power Company. You will thus see why I look upon the work of the Nebraska Power Company, with Mr. Davidson at its head, as the chief factor in my dismissal after a service of four years and a record of which I am actually proud.

In brief, here is the situation in a nutshell. Mr. Davidson, as president of the Nebraska Power Company and president of the Board of Regents, is going to see to it, if possible, that no facts are presented in economics or government which will be unfriendly to the power trust. I am confident, as are my friends, Paul L. Martin, who has resigned from the Board of Regents, and William C. Ramsey, who also has resigned as a protest, that my defense of academic freedom and the right of professors to teach the truth in their classes is the reason for my ouster. I prefer dismissal to subservience to the power trust. . . .

In the light of Dr. Sealock's letter the writer and other friends of the University of Omaha can only retain and strengthen their conviction that Dr. Sealock was dealt with unjustly by the regents and particularly by Mr. Davidson.

Omaha, Neb., August 15 FRANKLIN M. BUXTON

Persecution of Prisoners

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

May we call the attention of your readers to the persecution of four political prisoners at present serving sentences in the Lincoln Heights Jail of Los Angeles, California. For months Captain John L. Shand, who runs the prison, has deprived these men of all mail sent to them—letters, literature, and even money. The Prisoners' Relief Department of the International Labor Defense sends regular monthly relief to all long-term political prisoners. Letters containing these money orders have been returned unopened. A Weekly News Letter containing information gleaned from newspapers, sent out by the department, is banned from the jail. The *Labor Defender*, the official magazine of the I. L. D., comes back every month.

One of the most important phases of the work of our department is a constant campaign for the recognition of the status of political prisoners; as part of this campaign we ask that readers of *The Nation* write to Captain John L. Shand, Deputy Chief Los Angeles Jail Division, Los Angeles, California, urging improvement of the conditions of political prisoners confined in his institution. Letters from different parts of the country to petty tyrants of Shand's stamp have always produced favorable results.

New York, August 20

ROSE BARON, Secretary,
Prisoners' Relief Department,
International Labor Defense

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

JUST PUBLISHED

The Evolution of Modern Psychology

By RICHARD
MULLER-FREIENFELS

Translated from the German with an introduction
by Dr. Béran Wolfe.

The most complete discussion of modern psychology and psychiatry that has ever been written, as well as the first attempt to evaluate each system critically, to discover their underlying points of agreement, and to indicate their obvious and subtle lapses. It provides a wealth of information and critical interpretation and a wide knowledge of psychological trends in all countries. \$5.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
New Haven, Conn.

U.S.S.R. NOVEMBER 7th CELEBRATIONS 18th ANNIVERSARY

A Memorable Vacation—See
the Soviet Union on Parade!
Special excursion at reduced rates, conducted by
J. N. Golos, Manager of World Tourists, Inc.
OCTOBER 17th—S. S. AQUITANIA
Visiting London, Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov,
Dnieproges, Kiev, Warsaw, Paris. Tour includes
most interesting industrial enterprises of U.S.S.R.

WORLD TOURISTS, Inc.
175 Fifth Ave., New York. ALgonquin 4-6056



COMING SOON in THE NATION

Earl Browder's

"Communism in the United States"

Reviewed by Sterling Spero

Jules Romains's "The World from Below"

Reviewed by William Troy

John K. Winkler's "The Dupont Dynasty"

Reviewed by Louis M. Hacker

Labor and Industry

Consumers' Research Fights the Union

By ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

Washington, New Jersey, September 16

THE scab drove up in a new sedan and stopped at the rope before the main building of Consumers' Research. A sheriff's deputy recognized him and approached, club in hand.

"You can't come in here," the deputy said.

"I've got some papers for the office and cigars for the police," the scab pleaded.

The deputy answered harshly: "I don't care what you have—you stay outside." The deputy happens to be president of the Warren County Unemployed Union.

This is a sample of the strange doings near the country town of Washington, New Jersey, where forty-five members of the Technical, Editorial, and Office Assistants' Union have closed the plant of Consumers' Research—an organization that has hitherto been a potent foe of the capitalist system and a constant champion of the housewife and workman. When the strike began on September 4, half a dozen private constables were hired by Consumers' Research to protect strike-breakers and property. A week later Sheriff Doyle swore in sixteen deputies, all of them unemployed members of various unions and many of them active workers on the picket line. The armed constables were forced to retire inside the building while the friendly deputies took charge outdoors under orders to admit no strike-breakers.

This unique method of preventing strike violence cannot be attributed to the sheriff's Communist leanings, for Mr. Doyle doesn't lean that way. But the sheriff is a good politician in a county where union labor controls votes.

The immediate cause of the strike was the dismissal of three union members, including John Heasty, the president, just a few hours after the union submitted a contract. A secondary cause was the expulsion of Dewey H. Palmer from the board of directors after he protested against the firings. But the fundamental reason was a medieval employment policy that made jobs no more secure than snowflakes in July.

The setting for the strike is New Jersey farm country, the ultimate in rural loveliness. The CR plant, with its big, two-story stone building and the weathered laboratory across the brook, is like a barnyard in Sunday clothes. Down the stream at dawn each morning a dozen ducks parade to the cow pasture beyond the rutted country road, and chickens pursue grasshoppers along the picket line.

In this milieu a strike is as incongruous as the present attitude of CR executives against the background of their pro-labor protestations of the past. No one is making more vicious attempts at strike-breaking than J. B. Matthews, vice-president of CR, a man who was once too radical to stay in the Socialist Party. In his recent book, "Partners in Plunder," Matthews complained that the Department of Justice fails to suppress "big-corporation gangsterism," which, he said, is "carried out with the assistance of gunmen (often euphemistically called 'detectives') . . ." J. B. Matthews is now using the services of three hard and ugly giants

from a Newark "detective" agency with a distinguished record in the Electric Auto-Lite strike at Toledo.

All the capitalist weapons in labor struggles are being used. The latest, an injunction against union members to prevent interference with strike-breakers, was no surprise. The injunction (to be argued in Newark on September 23) is not considered a serious handicap, since strike sympathizers outnumber union members on the picket line.

There has been violence on both sides. It began when two pickets were run down and injured by automobiles driven by strike-breakers. On September 10 a bus loaded with twenty-five "loyal workers" (New York *Herald Tribune* terminology) attempted to run the blockade. Three carloads of strikers and sympathizers chased the bus over a rough mountain road and finally overtook it on a state highway, where windows were smashed and the passengers persuaded to return home.

Not even the strike leaders can offer a full explanation for the amazing union-smashing tactics of CR officers. The best bet, ridiculous though it may seem in the face of the organization's former record of Hearst-hating, is the red scare. Schlink, who has always feared violence at the hands of reactionary business interests, now believes that the Communist Party wishes to hand over his plant as a Christmas present to Stalin, with an American Federation of Labor union in the role of messenger boy. Mrs. Schlink (a director under her maiden name of M. C. Phillips) and Matthews also profess to believe that the revolution about which they have so cheerfully talked in the past is now a-borning in their own back yard. Anyone who has attended union meetings and heard Schlink praised earnestly for his scientific genius and integrity—who has heard union members reiterate their faith in CR and their determination to preserve the organization for the good it has done and can do—would advise all three directors to quit reading the New York *Journal* and take a hot bath.

The union, a happy blend of college-trained technicians and plucky stenographers and clerks, is digging in for a long fight. There seems to be no immediate hope that the strikers' willingness to arbitrate will get a response from the dictator-minded directors. Both sides recognize that the 55,000 subscribers can determine the outcome. Hundreds have written letters of protest, or called in person at the home of the three recalcitrant directors. In New York Arthur Kallet (coauthor with Schlink of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs") is doing invaluable work in mobilizing subscriber opinion, with the help of many sympathizers and a hard-working secretarial staff. In Washington the CR directors have mailed to subscribers a four-page leaflet which concludes with the fantastic assertion that big business and the reds have joined together to destroy Consumers' Research.

In justice to the directors, it must be admitted that a careful listener on the picket line would find some evidence of subversive enterprise. A jolly union bartender from

Easton, Pennsylvania, has given harmonica concerts on several mornings. His wide repertoire includes the "Sidewalks of New York," "School Days," and the "Internationale." Of the last he says, "Never mind the words. It's a fine tune."

Radio Censors Labor

By CLIFTON REED

ON the basis of the two confidential memoranda reproduced on this page, the American Civil Liberties Union recently charged the Crosley Radio Corporation, owners of radio stations WLW and WSAI in Cincinnati with unjustified and anti-labor censorship. WLW, which boasts of being "The Nation's Station," is with its 500 kilowatts of power the largest in the country. Only the Moscow station, RVI, is as large. An independent, WLW accepts programs from the National Broadcasting Company and the Mutual Broadcasting System, Inc. WSAI is a local station. They are both controlled by Powel Crosley, Jr., a wealthy manufacturer.

556 164 138		THE CROSLY RADIO CORPORATION	
DATE May 31, 1935	TO M	FROM M. Ries	
SUBJECT NEWS BROADCASTS			
Our news broadcasts, as you have already been told, and which has been our practice for some time, will not include mention of any strikes. This also includes students' strikes and school walk-outs.			

THE CROSLY RADIO CORPORATION	
DATE Wed. May 29, 1935	TO M
FROM M. Ries	
SUBJECT NEWS	
No reference to strikes is to be made on any news bulletin broadcast over our stations.	

According to information secured by Minna F. Kassner, an attorney making a survey of radio censorship for the Civil Liberties Union, these two orders were issued to news commentators and announcers in May by Joseph Ries, director of the Cultural and Educational Department of the two stations. All data in the case were submitted by the A. C. L. U. to the Federal Communications Commission, and to Congressman William P. Connery of the House Committee on Labor, Congressman Joseph P. Monaghan, sponsor of a bill to nationalize radio, and William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor.

Before he knew that the Civil Liberties Union had these original orders in its files, John L. Clark, general manager of the two stations, issued an indignant and injured denial of all charges. A "great injustice" had been done. Mr. Clark cited his radio log to prove that strikes had been mentioned several times in broadcasts in the last two weeks. And in a long letter to the Union he declared that "competent newspapermen" had been hired to handle the news and that these men had received "no instructions whatsoever regarding the suppressing of any kind of news. The only instructions these men have is to broadcast news of national and international importance, and to broadcast all of it."

When photostats of the orders themselves were submitted to Mr. Clark with a request for an explanation of why they were issued and when the policy described in one of them as "our practice for some time" was reversed, a great silence descended on the station. Newspaper clippings from Cincinnati quote Mr. Clark as calling the matter a "closed incident" and refusing to discuss it further lest he give publicity to the Union and, presumably, to its charges.

The Federal Communications Commission, through its secretary, Herbert L. Pettey, in reply to the Union's letter said that the law prevented it "from exercising any power of censorship over radio communications, and consequently the commission is precluded from directing a station to accept or reject any particular program or from exercising any previous restraint over the material broadcast. The sole responsibility for the selection of its program material is placed upon the station licensee."

While legally correct, this application of the principles of freedom of the press to radio is of doubtful social validity. To grant to station owners the same freedom in the selection of material as to newspapers is to ignore the fact that broadcasters function only by virtue of a government license. If the station is large, as is WLW, and has the sole right to operate on one of the ninety available channels, it enjoys a lucrative monopoly. In return it has paid nothing. Its single obligation is to present programs in "the public interest, convenience, and necessity."

The only redress in such censorship cases, then, is for the attorneys for the Civil Liberties Union and the American Federation of Labor to oppose WLW's next application for a renewal of its license on the ground that its orders were not in the public interest. Station licenses must be renewed every six months. An exciting hearing might result, but it is hard to believe that the Crosley Radio Corporation would lose its license.

My Hundredth Birthday

By HEYWOOD BROWN

THE papers mentioned, a day or so ago, the birthday of an old lady of 100. Centenarians seem to grow more common. It may be that longevity increases, or possibly newspaper enterprise ferrets out a greater number of veterans. And, of course, there is always the factor that after a certain time of life people tend to forget dates.

But the old lady of whom I speak interested me because her span could hardly be ascribed to modern medicine or anything of the sort. It was reported that in her entire century of existence she had never ridden in an automobile and had seen a railroad train but once. The farmhouse in which the years flowed gently by was equipped with neither electric lights nor a radio.

Perhaps it isn't quite fair to assume that the rush of decades made no difference whatsoever in the life of the little lady in New Jersey. Although she had no personal share in telephone or motor car or radio, they must have colored life about her. Perhaps she sometimes saw a picture show. The story didn't say.

One development of civilization as we know it must have touched her. Nobody can live so far away from the

trends of the day or be sufficiently aloof not to have encountered the tin can. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the can-opener plays an even wider part in daily life than the automobile, the radio, the telephone, or any of the other improvements of the last half-century.

I don't think I would like to be an old gentleman of 100 upon a remote Jersey farm. I've cursed the radio, the telephone, and the taxicab a score of times. It has never been proved beyond debate that invention has made men more happy. I don't know. But I will admit that after an individual has become accustomed to the gadgets of progress he will always find it hard to get along without them.

I don't think I would like to be an old gentleman of 100 years in either the country or the city. But if the issue ever comes up I could wish for a metropolitan decline. A club window is a more pleasant place in which to grow old than a back porch. There, at least, one can keep the illusion of being one of the boys.

It is not the aches and pains and the various infirmities of advancing years which terrify me. My dread accumulates against the day when those about me say, "What can you expect from an old reactionary like Heywood Broun?"

Against the fate of finding yourself a member of the fogies two remedies are possible. You may, if you choose, die young. I've thought of that and rejected the plan for something which seems to me much better.

It is possible for every one of us in youth or middle age to build within himself a fine, rousing fire of radicalism. And if the blaze is built of coal and other solid substance there may remain embers to warm you during the last chimney-corner days.

None have I ever known who did not find themselves edging toward the right in the years past sixty. Or if they did not edge toward conformity they were pushed.

One bright exception should be noted. Art Young is still what the world calls "a dangerous man." Certain respectables shudder as he passes by. Yet even Mr. Young, now that his hair begins to whiten, may be found at times in not altogether unfriendly debate even with liberals.

The radicalism of veterans comes to be accepted by the world at large as an eccentricity rather than a conviction. If it were not for the newspapers, growing old would be far more tragic than it is. As things stand, the hospitality of the front page, or thereabouts, is a refuge for those who linger on beyond their time. The simple matter of touching 100 years is enough to assure any dogged life-sitter of the privilege of an interview.

But this will be small comfort to me. If on the morning of my 100th birthday the nurse knocks upon the door to say, "The gentlemen of the press are waiting and would like to ask you a few questions," I shall reply with voice both shrill and tart, "Send them home!" For I will know that neither they nor the readers of their journals really care whether I made the trip on water or mixed spirits.

Men who outline the regime which brought them along so far are deceived. Not a soul is really interested to know whether it was cold baths or spinach. I'll take my secrets with me to the grave. Indeed, I won't even discuss with anybody the days of long ago when New York was a village of seven million people and Norman Thomas was considered way up town.

But perhaps there is an even better way. I heard of it the other day while I was a personal witness for the first time in my life of an actual red menace. Many times I have joked and stormed about "red scares," but this was authentic. It so happened that I was leaving the office of the *World-Telegram* and that I wanted to drop in and see a man on the *Daily Worker*. I really have a few Communist friends. I took a taxi to the *Worker*, which is perhaps unorthodox. When I mentioned the number, the driver's face lighted up. "I certainly know that place," he said, and he produced his membership card. Although the traffic was heavy on West Street we got to talking. The driver told me that until a year ago he had been a Democrat and that he voted for Mr. Roosevelt with great enthusiasm in 1932. He now felt that the President had not been wholly on the side of labor.

I admitted that there was something in what he said. He waxed more enthusiastic. He was, I judged, of Italian extraction though native born, and he needed both hands to make his points. Traffic was forgotten. He turned completely around to face me as he increased his argument and both hands were off the wheel as he said, "And who can deny today that the party line was right on the NRA?"

One truck missed us by a foot and another by three inches. All I could do was hang on to the straps and say in mollifying tones, "I quite agree with you."

But it wasn't really funny because my new friend said to me, "I've got a wife and five children. I've had a terrible time trying to make a living. Sometimes I thought I'd kill myself. But now that's over. I've got communism. It gives me something to think about and work for all day long. Now I know that all the days of my life I've got something to fight for and something to live for."

There may be something in what he said.

PLANNED ECONOMY
has brought
PLANNED SAFETY

THE extraordinary progress of the Soviet Union and the growing economic security in the lives of its 170,000,000 people are the natural outcome of planned economy. This planned economy, with its arrangement for automatic liquidation of obligations as they become due, has led naturally to planned safety for purchasers of those obligations.

SOVIET UNION 7% GOLD BONDS incorporate this principle of planned safety, comprising a number of special safeguards. Investors are invited to write for full information.

Ask for Circular N-15

Soviet American Securities Corp.
30 Broad Street Tel. HAnover 2-5330 New York

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

Books and Drama

The Story of a Scamp

Richard Savage. By Gwyn Jones. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

A RECENT work of fiction was described by an able and well-known reviewer as "the most useful novel" of the year. This rather odd praise succeeded an admission that the work in question lacked "two or three of the qualities of great fiction," and it left me, at least, a bit bewildered for the simple reason that I found it difficult to understand just how a novel which fell quite so short of great fiction could still be the "most useful" novel of the year. Literary criteria are evidently undergoing certain modifications which I find it difficult to keep up with, and I realize, accordingly, that it is hardly sufficient for me to say that Gwyn Jones's "Richard Savage" has at least one or two of the "qualities of great fiction." In order not to be misunderstood I must add that it is not in the slightest degree useful—unless, perchance, one assumes that one or two of the qualities of great fiction are useful *per se*.

In undertaking to employ for his own purposes the character of a scamp not unknown to history, Mr. Jones has, indeed, avoided even that kind of utility to which historical novels sometimes aspire. "Richard Savage" is not romantic after the manner of "Anthony Adverse" and neither is it a costume piece intended to provide in painless form an account of manners and customs in the Age of Pope. There does emerge, incidentally, a brilliant picture of eighteenth-century life, but the main stress is upon the swift, direct, and vigorous narration of striking events.

Even the partisan Dr. Johnson could not represent Savage, who may have been but probably was not the illegitimate son of Lady Macclesfield, as a wholly amiable person. Stronger characters than he might well have fallen into the habit of sponging on those whom pity or snobbery or the hope of ultimate profit predisposed to an interest in his claims, and Savage was, in addition, neither grateful nor loyal. He lived by his wits, and three-fourths of the time it was a case of what writers of adventure stories like to call "diamond cut diamond." The majority of his companions were nearly as unprincipled as he. Many of those he cheated would have been glad to cheat him, and often he betrayed those who were only awaiting an opportunity to betray him. Naturally the spectacle is not especially edifying, but it appeals to one of the strongest of primary interests, and exploits with fine skill the eternal rogue, who was, after all, the character in whose behalf prose fiction was invented.

Mr. Jones makes no parade of either depravity or his own detachment, but his avoidance of all attempt to make his central character a hero in any conventional sense is both psychologically and artistically right. To have involved us too deeply on the side of any one character would have been to destroy the effect, which depends so largely upon a sheer intellectual interest in a complicated and exciting intrigue. Our withers are unwrung. There is no anxiety that things should turn out this way or that. There is only a continuous and absorbing interest in the process by which they are turning out. Wisely, also, Mr. Jones makes no attempt to present elaborate psychological analyses. Most of his characters are fundamentally simple men, and for the kind of story he has to tell it is necessary only that they be credible. Even Richard Savage himself is not a very complicated person, but he is a vivid one and the springs of his character—sentimentality, selfishness, and self-pity—are clear.

To ask what rank such a book as this should be given is,

I suppose, as irrelevant as to ask how "useful" it may be. But there is one fact worth remarking. If it is not "great fiction" it falls short only because of what it fails to undertake, not at all because of any positive defects. It may not call into play the highest faculties of the imagination, but it violates no canons of intelligence or taste. There is not a stupid sentence or an affront to the understanding in all its six hundred pages.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Synthesis

The History of Western Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes, with the Collaboration of Henry David. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes. \$10.

HERE is a book in 2 volumes with 49 chapters that contain 443 topic headings, printed in over 2,000 pages in good 10-point type. A review of such a vast work is necessarily a bird's-eye view. But there are three tasks to be performed. They are to set forth in an unprejudiced way the content and point of view of the book, to orient the work within the literature of its field, and to criticize its most glaring faults and praise its chief contributions.

An exposition of the content of these interesting volumes carries the reader from the preliterate period of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Aegean to the classic culture of Greece, on through Roman times to the Western civilization of Gaul, thence to early German society, Byzantine civilization, Moslem civilization, and so to the Middle Ages. There follows an appraisal of the factors that characterize the transition to modern times and the rise of protestantism, capitalism, and nationalism; and so ends the first volume. Although the second volume concerns itself with the expansion of Europe, the complex of factors that gave rise to the modern period, the era of industrial capitalism, nationalism, democracy, imperialism, the industrial revolutions of recent times, finance capitalism, and the crisis of Western civilization, the intrinsic freshness of interest in these subjects does not lessen the attraction of the earlier portions of this work. The book flows along with effortless ease of presentation and carries a tone of tolerance and balance that gives to the entire work a suggestion of mellowed scholarship and interpretation not hitherto characteristic of this author's voluminous writings.

History is the study and interpretation of externally stored records which imply what sequences of mental images presumably moved through consciousness and within the pulsating life of human organisms which have turned to dust. For the most part individual experiences of only local and transitory sorts are found recorded in the medley of artifacts, implements, ancient stone structures, and the remnants of writing that survive. Consequently the most difficult accomplishment of the historian of *Homo sapiens* is to free himself from the local, the incidental, the temporary, and to raise his eyes to a larger view of human development. This is what Professor Barnes has done with real success. Indications of the ways in which he has cut through the mists of modern *mores* that obscure the time perspective appear in such statements as: "The traditional view is that man was made by God in God's image. The historical fact is that God was made by man in terms of man's psychological imagery" (I, 107); "... the fundamental framework of Christian doctrine and practice had been worked out before the close of the so-called prehistoric period" (359); "Very significant also was the depersonalization of business forces and instruments. A real distinction gradually developed between the capital and assets of a business unit and the cap-

**Harry
Elmer
Barnes's**

**THE
HISTORY
OF**

WESTERN CIVILIZATION

with the collaboration of Henry David

"History is the COMPLETE record of man's development on earth." That is the creed of the New History, of which this work is a supreme example. It treats fully of the progress of knowledge, culture, economic life, artistic achievements, and institutions, as well as of wars, political intrigues, anecdotes. It is THE history of western man, a book in which, for the first time, a single author has told the whole story of man's development in a manner that not only has aroused the enthusiasm of historians and specialists, but also brings to the general reader a profound interpretation in a live and brilliant narrative style.

**"Incontestably the
masterpiece of
the New History,"**

writes the eminent authority of Cornell University, Dr. Preserved Smith. "You have made the whole history of mankind as readable as a novel or a newspaper. Not even H. G. Wells's great history held my attention as does yours The intelligence, clear sight, and common sense with which you discuss all the most pressing problems of contemporary civilization make your book the best guide to the world we live in that I have yet seen."

*Your favorite
columns by*

**HEYWOOD
BROUN**



It Seems to Me
1925 - 1935

Master of the informal essay, Broun has provided innumerable readers with pieces they never forget. This book collects 105 of them—skilful caricatures, fight-talks, reflective studies, humorous sketches, milestones and monuments of a decade. "These comments on the current scene should be cherished in the years to come for even better reasons than we cherish Addison and Steele."—HARRY EMERSON WILDES. "The fact is Mr. Broun is no 'columnist' at all—but a writer of great wit, force, and intelligence."—CLIFTON FADIMAN, NEW YORKER. \$2.50

The First Reviews

N. Y. TIMES: These two massive volumes represent both an impressive individual *tour de force* and an unusual range of scholarly cooperation . . . To say of a work that it is "monumental" or "provocative" is to use trite expressions, but no others seem to indicate so well the outstanding characteristics of Dr. Barnes's work . . . His aim has apparently been to reinforce knowledge in its task of overcoming the "cultural lag" which he sees clogging our present life and thought and darkening the immediate outlook of Western civilization with gloom. To the accomplishment of that task he is certainly to be credited with a contribution of high quality and exceptional interest.

MAX LERNER, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: There is immense richness in the topics discussed . . . After the first hundred pages you will find not only a history of Western civilization, but pretty nearly a complete textbook of the social sciences . . . His book is the most ambitious and important transitional product we have had.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, SATURDAY REVIEW: So far as the reviewer is aware there is no work superior or indeed equal to that in hand as an introduction to civilization as now understood and to the possibilities of future research.

\$10.00, two volumes, boxed

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., New York

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

ital and assets of the individuals involved in it. Neither the Greeks nor the Florentines had ever been able to achieve this dissociation of personality from business" (II, 60); "The conception of the divine right of kings has come down to us in the form of the divine status and sanctity of constitutions" (136); "The production of goods for profit rather than wholesale legal robbery through financial manipulation was the dominant ideal of capitalistic society" (295); "Every important socio-economic system, if it has any duration, produces a compatible body of ideals designed to defend and justify it" (378); "... the town laborer of today in Western countries is often far better provided for than most scholars, statesmen, and diplomats of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries" (438); "... the conventional theory of ethical standards ... which represents morality as almost wholly dictated by religion and limited to sex ... is highly convenient to the plutocrat, since the reprehensible practices associated with finance capitalism and the theory of business enterprise thereby escape condemnation" (445); and "... most radical programs of social and economic reconstruction overlook the insuperable difficulties that reduce the practicability of their proposals. Bowley ... proved quite satisfactorily that the only hope for any general prosperity lay in increased production and greater mass purchasing power. But the capitalists since the World War have seemed determined to prove that these can only be secured under collectivism" (973). Other equally provocative statements appear.

There are those who claim that the identification of critical scholarship with minute specialization eliminates the possibility of historical synthesis. Professor Barnes and his collaborator, Henry David, seem to have hit upon a common-sense resolution of this dilemma by the device of asking experts on special periods to read galley proofs of corresponding sections. This precaution to preserve historical accuracy is further strengthened by asking a second set of specialists to read the page proofs. Finally, or perhaps first, the original manuscript was read by competent scholars. These precautions seem adequate as an honest effort to place these volumes with reference to the specialized literature of the periods that have been treated.

Instead of categorical criticisms some qualified questions suggest themselves as indicating the inevitable lacks in any extensive historical treatment. Has not the remarkable progress of medical science been one of the rare cases in which humanitarian advance has been closely related to the development of capitalism? Should the institutional significance of poor-relief practices in their administrative and legal developments be passed over because of a praiseworthy preoccupation with preventive measures that claim the attention of social reformers today? Is it justifiable to believe that the external evidences of communistic planning are conscious and based on reflection, analysis, and forecast, or is it possible that the Communist state may be, as is usual, merely a new muddling through?

F. STUART CHAPIN

Good Intentions

They Shall Inherit the Earth. By Morley Callaghan. Random House. \$2.50.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN has set about writing this book with an unmistakable seriousness. He has chosen for his characters perturbed and frustrated people typical of our depression world, and to their anxieties as social creatures he has added further anxieties involving the family, the soul, and the conscience. By attempting so much, it is plain that Mr. Callaghan has plunged into the heart of life, where easy solutions are impossible to reach and where truth is no simple thing to determine. In other words this seriously

conceived and carefully pondered book comes from a writer who is giving us his all. It is a book whose intentions we must respect and admire.

It is not, however, a very good book. Its central situation, that of a disrupted father-son relationship, fully maintains our interest and has at moments a painful sobriety and lifelikeness to which we respond. Then, too, the plot lends a hand, by making Andrew Aikenhead seem guilty of a murder which really involves his son. The whole situation is ingeniously worked up, and is valid and fruitful enough to beget a first-rate book. I can think of no better set of problems than these for a morally aware novelist to solve. I can think of no better characters than Aikenhead and Mike for solving them—only assuming that Aikenhead and Mike were a little better understood and a great deal better articulated.

But as it is, it strikes me that Mr. Callaghan plays such a waiting game with his chief characters that they shrivel up under his hands, and at length become commonplace and partly unrecognizable. Mr. Callaghan's ending is simplicity itself, but of a fatuous rather than inspired kind. Everybody is left as happy as the virtuous people in fairy tales, and everybody is left darn near as virtuous. Unemployment, the depression, communism, the nature of guilt, the problem of family obligation, all go sailing out of the window, to be recovered and used again, perhaps, some other time. The church alone, I should guess, is left holding the fort, which is fair enough, for it is only by church standards that Mr. Callaghan's problems have been "squarely" met.

Morley Callaghan is a painstaking and intelligent person, but he lacks a good many of the things that are most valuable to the novelist. His story is essentially undramatic; his style is entirely undynamic. He plods along with an interminable succession of sentences beginning with "so" or "and" and rising and falling with all the sprightliness of a sleeper's breathing. What is most unattractive about him, however, is that he so completely, and so noticeably, lacks a sense of humor. And by missing the comic sense of life, he misses equally the tragic sense: he sees things and people and their problems with that heavy earnestness which, in its desire to bring the light, is almost never illuminating.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

A Connoisseur of Character

The Root and the Flower. By L. H. Myers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

IT is perhaps too early to judge Mr. Myers as a novelist, even though the present volume contains three long parts of the presumably endless work he is prepared to write about certain imaginary lives which were lived in sixteenth-century India during the reign of the Emperor Akbar. By ordinary standards the three novels printed here, "The Near and the Far," "Prince Jali," and "Rajah Amar," are superb. But Mr. Myers makes it clear in his preface that he does not want to be judged by ordinary standards; and in any event the thing he has set out to do is so delicate, so difficult, and so removed from the concerns of his contemporaries that he deserves a suspended judgment until he can say he is done. Meanwhile one can merely guess that the finished work will take its place among the finest examples of modern fiction.

To call the work philosophical, as Mr. Myers does in his preface, is not to mean that it is disembodied—a debate, for instance, or a schematic representation of some truth which the author holds captive at the back of his brain. Doubtless a problem of some sort is being worked out in these dazzling lives, and doubtless a scheme will in some future part make itself lucidly apparent. At present, however, the "meaning"

remains properly obscure beneath the thousand and one things which are going on—the adulteries, the intrigues, the poisonings, the public rituals, the secret rites, the hates and the loves which one had expected to encounter at the Mogul court. These go on to the accompaniment of talk which is expressly philosophical; but the very men who talk are principals in the plot, so that at no time is it certain whether the events or the ideas are of the greater interest to Mr. Myers. Just as one is ready to suppose that the book has for its theme the opposition between the active and the contemplative life, and just as one begins to suspect that a decision has been made in favor of the latter, Gokal the Brahman takes a mistress; or Rajah Amar, who for five hundred pages has been preparing to retire from the world as a Buddhist monk, loses his temper and draws his sword; or Hari, a man who heretofore has stumbled from one blind passion into another, reveals in himself the materials of which both saints and philosophers are made.

This is to say, of course, that the work is philosophical in the only way proper to fiction. Principle and accident are thoroughly mixed, and men find themselves doing things which their conscious thought would never have permitted them to predict they would do. Nor is the result confusion, except in so far as life is confused. It is rather complexity, and a sense on the reader's part that the world is indeed the rich thing which great literature has always told him it was. For Mr. Myers, who dares to hope in his preface that he is a "connoisseur of character," knows what character is. He knows that it is determined at the center by forces of which its possessor cannot possibly be conscious, since they have to do with instinct and desire; but he knows just as well, what most of his contemporaries have forgotten, that its outline is drawn by reason and that its ultimate impression is made in terms of morality. Hence the presence here, among hundreds of cruel or vulgar persons who never quite shut them from our sight, of a few noble men—Gokal, Amar, Hari—such as have no counterpart in the comparable world of Proust, where everything is exquisite but nothing is great; or in the equally comparable world of Lady Murasaki, where there are persons as gentle as these three but none as profound. Nor are these three merely spectators of what goes on. They exist and suffer, as I have said, at the center of the vortex which Mr. Myers has set going. Their distinction is that they never cease to be conscious of themselves or to consider whether the things they do are wise. And since Mr. Myers himself is wise, it is his distinction to be engaged upon a book which, even were it to stop now, would be one book picked out of ten thousand.

MARK VAN DOREN

Scholarship at Its Best

Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences. Edwin R. A. Seligman, Editor-in-Chief; Alvin Johnson, Associate Editor. The Macmillan Company. Fifteen Volumes. \$7.50 each.

THE appearance of the last of the fifteen volumes of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* affords an opportunity for a general appraisal of this monumental work. The project of such an encyclopedia was first launched in 1923 after a considerable amount of previous discussion of the idea, and the undertaking was definitely organized in the spring of 1927 under the sponsorship of the leading professional organizations in the social-science field. After three years' preparatory work the first volume of the encyclopedia was published in February, 1930. The rest have appeared as originally scheduled at approximately four-month intervals.

Taken as a whole the encyclopedia may be said to represent the highest standards of scholarship. While the contributors

are frequently but not invariably the best-known men in their fields, it is apparent that a serious effort has been made to obtain persons who would turn out conscientious and thorough work, rather than merely a galaxy of "names." The result is that in the five years which have elapsed since publication of the early volumes, the reputation and the significance of the contributors have been enhanced rather than diminished. The permanent value of the work has been increased, moreover, by the fact that the editors were not ordinarily afraid to choose men who had been dubbed "radical" by those outside scholarly circles. This fact alone probably accounts for their success in preventing the earlier volumes from becoming hopelessly outdated by the unprecedented economic and political developments of the past five years.

An example of the difficulty of preparing a work that will meet the requirements of even the near future is to be found in the article on Fascism, which appeared in the volume published in December, 1931. The author, Edin von Beckerath of the University of Cologne, declares that "it is only when viewed as a peculiarly Italian phenomenon that the essence of fascism becomes clearly delineated." He goes on to point out that the ideology of fascism is a peculiar fusion of syndicalist theory and the doctrines of Italian nationalism. Unfortunately this observation, while historically accurate, throws little light on the economic and political forces working throughout the world toward the creation of institutions strikingly similar to those developed in Italy. It is one of the oddities of fate that Herr von Beckerath's own country should have been first caught in the maelstrom.

It is evident, however, that such contributions as those of Mary van Kleeck on Women in Industry, Sidney Hook on Violence, Sidney Fay on the World War, H. N. Brailsford on the Indian Question, and Harold Laski on the British Government are bound to be of more than transitory importance. A few of the writers are frankly Marxist in their approach to social and economic problems, and their contributions have a realism that is rarely exhibited by American scholars. The treatment of controversial political issues, is, on the whole, remarkably objective, though this objectivity has been achieved without completely crushing the individuality of the various writers. The bias, where there is one, is unmistakably liberal, in contrast to the strong conservative bias of all the standard encyclopedias.

Consideration of the merits of even the more important of the articles is, of course, impossible within the compass of a brief review. There is, as one would expect, a certain unevenness in the contributions. But the reviewer has failed to find one on a subject with which he is familiar which is not of a surprisingly high caliber. Occasionally, as in the article on Tariff, the author has confined himself to the more technical aspects of a question and has failed to discuss its more popular features and to integrate it with the larger problems in the field. But in the limited space at the disposal of a contributor it is inevitable that he should neglect some important phases of his subject. The remarkable thing is that this defect should occur so rarely.

The value of a work of this type is not, however, determined entirely by the merit of individual contributions. Its usefulness must also depend on the scope, balance, and interrelation of its material. Obviously a task of such magnitude could not be carried through without the active cooperation of a considerable group of scholars. Merely to reconcile the diverse approaches of the various social sciences to the problem of man and his environment must in itself have proved an exacting job. To the credit of Professor Seligman and his collaborators it must be said that this problem has been fairly met. While one might quarrel with the original decision to devote one-fifth of the space to biographical material, the ap-

portionment of space tends to be both intelligent and fair. Viewed in its entirety the encyclopedia is the best possible refutation of those who say that the study of man cannot be scientific.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Bewildered Doughboys

Forward—March! The Photographic Record of America in the World War and the Post War Social Upheaval. By Frank J. Mackey and Marcus Wilson Jernegan. The Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Rehabilitation Division. Two Volumes. \$29.50.

THE Disabled American Veterans have done their share of patrioteering in the post-war years, although considerably less of it than other professional veterans' organizations whose membership is not so narrowly confined to those who saw the fighting. In compiling these albums they have avoided pictures of mangled corpses or such "deliberately gruesome" selections as "might further distress Gold Star mothers"; and their inclusion of a final section on the "post-war social upheaval . . . leaving no doubt of the headway which communism has made in this country" would seem to promise another confident piece of militarist propaganda, ending up with a clarion call for bigger preparedness appropriations and to run the reds out of the country.

But their photographic history is something much more interesting than that. It is, to begin with, a real photographic history of the American participation in the conflict. The pictures are well selected and singularly impressive even after the other compilations of the sort. The corpses are largely absent, but the hospital trains are here, and sometimes they are quite enough. The sum effect is no nostalgic glorification of a boy scout's war, but a fair use of the wonderfully vivid material that the camera caught. The volumes are also, however, the record of a curious and significant mood—the mood of the American front-line soldier fifteen years afterward, looking back upon his great hour through all the incomprehensible doubts and disappointments that followed in its train.

The pictures record the vastness of the war effort, the concentration of purpose, the infinity of labor, boredom, excitement, pain and heroism, folly and sacrifice that went into it. The captions and the scattered bits of text record only a baffled inability to understand how it started or what it was about, to rationalize it in any adequate way, or to recapture the high sense of common effort and social service which is war's greatest attribute. All the slogans of 1918 are now rejected, but nothing has been found to replace them. "Forward—March!" The title rings with the fine unanimity and devotion of battle. But where to? To the Fish Committee report on Communist activities in the United States, about which even the authors have their doubts? Perhaps, they note, there should be more rigid anti-sedition laws, but "it behooves those Americans who are intent on saving our democracy to move cautiously and not permit hysteria to bring about the passage of laws which might create the very instruments to be employed in the destruction of free government." The great objective, it may be, is to preserve democracy; but the authors no longer believe that the war was one for democracy. The "prime task" is to prevent the recurrence of wars; but how is it to be done? The authors don't know; and they take refuge in the flight from Europe.

Here is the American ex-soldier trying in bewildered helplessness to recover the significance which the war gave him, the glory of communal effort which he felt through all his pain and weariness. But his mental background offers him no way of going about it, and society presents him with none

THE CAUSES OF WAR AND THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE

By QUINCY WRIGHT, Professor of International Law, University of Chicago. "The very distilled and concentrated essence of scholarly research and wisdom. He is one of our most learned and sensible students of international relations."—Harry Elmer Barnes. \$2.00

EUGENE O'NEILL, A POET'S QUEST

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER. A well-known critic discusses the entire series of O'Neill dramas as a poetic whole, revealing the necessity of knowing the spiritual pilgrimage O'Neill himself has made in order to understand and appreciate more fully his individual plays. \$2.00

PRISONER OF THE OGPU

By GEORGE KITCHIN. Joseph Barnes, reviewing this book in the Nation, says it does not present a true picture of Soviet prison life. Malcolm Cowley, in the New Republic, opposed to the idea of it, had to admit the facts were not exaggerated. So we suggest that you read the book to find out the truth for yourself about the appalling conditions in the Soviet Northern Penal Camps. \$3.00

TOWARDS A NATIONAL POLICY

With a Preface by the Right Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, and a statement by the National Labour Ministers. This volume presents the political, economic, social and international objectives within the power of attainment by a British government free from party shackles. \$1.20

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE MARNE—1914

By SEWELL T. TYNG. "An admirably lucid account of the whole action . . . as engrossing and dramatic an event as one can hope to find in the pages of history. Essential happenings have been carefully selected to make a sound, logical, and dramatic whole."—N. Y. Times. \$3.75



LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. 114 Fifth Ave. N.Y.

but mean or shallow or destructive objectives. He is dissatisfied and adrift. There are some four million of him in the country, however; and a book like this may prove a valuable document for the understanding of contemporary currents in our history.

WALTER MILLIS

Drama False Start

ONCE before, I believe, I protested against the fact that the so-called "dramatic season" is managed without any sense of drama. It ought to begin excitingly *in medias res* and it ought to end with a bang on something which would give the effect of a three-act curtain line. But of course what actually happens is that it peters out painfully in the late spring with a series of feeble efforts strung out in order of declining tolerableness until a point is reached beyond which the optimism of those writers who produce their own works can go no farther, and then it begins again in the fall with something which resembles a last rose of summer cruelly exposed to inclement weather. I suppose the appropriate remark would be that the condition is inevitable "under the capitalist system," but if ever the Managers' Protective Association should get a coordinator or a czar, I propose that he should see to it that things are ordered better, merely, if for no other reason, in order to coddle the spirits of those dramatic critics whose bilious temperaments so exercise the producers. Who knows how many of them have been turned permanently sour by the late-spring crop of plays-which-should-never-have-been-produced, which kept them away from farms they were itching to cultivate or from that novel they hoped to get done over the summer? Who knows how many eager desires to get back into the swing of things have been prematurely withered by the first two or three offerings, upon which the curtain would never have gone up if only the impresarios responsible had taken a little more time to think? By the time this notice appears we shall be in the midst of a week of six plays probably marking the real beginning of the season. Meanwhile we have all been slightly depressed by "Moon over Mulberry Street" (Lyceum) and "A Slight Case of Murder" (Forty-eighth Street Theater).

To the latter, however, I am mildly grateful for one bit of self-improvement which it has made possible. Let me explain. We dramatic critics have a way of speaking with casual condescension of "sure-fire stuff," "easy success," and "cheap theatrical devices." The implication is that they are literally cheap, easy, and sure fire. But we flatter ourselves; they are really only comparatively so. I have not changed my opinion that a "Hamlet" is more difficult to write than a "She Loves Me Not," or that Mr. O'Neill is a more remarkable phenomenon than the author of "Personal Appearance." But it is, alas, not true that "anyone could write that if he would only abandon himself to it." Had "A Slight Case of Murder" been really funny, I should doubtless have been among the first to speak condescendingly of it, but the fact that it so obviously tries after the second-rate virtues without achieving them gives me a new respect for even second-rate competence. What it actually demonstrates is, however, that sure-fire stuff isn't sure fire and that easy success isn't easy. Artistically and intellectually its intentions are of the worst, but it is merely leaden and forced.

Damon Runyon, the columnist, and his collaborator, Howard Lindsay, have concocted a tale about an ex-beer baron turned into an honest brewer by repeal and determined to keep straight despite constant wistful memories of the days when

difficulties could be ironed out by methods more direct than legal ones. In an upstairs room of a house he has taken for the Saratoga races are discovered the corpses of four enemies whom he might reasonably be suspected of having cause to bump off, and the story turns upon the events in the course of which he is able not only to extricate himself from the difficulty but to profit handsomely by the events. Only once did I find myself laughing spontaneously. It was when the baron's henchmen, having distributed the four embarrassing corpses to the respective doorsteps of persons whom they do not like very well, discover that there is a reward for each, "dead or alive," and set out to collect them again. Perhaps this only proves how easily I am amused. If so it also makes my point, which is that "A Slight Case of Murder" is not very funny.

As for "Moon over Mulberry Street," it is a guileless little piece about an Italian family into which a Park Avenue girl proposes to marry. It has a few—too few—moments of innocent merriment and innocent sentiment, but the most interesting thing about it is the fact that twelve hundred Italian Americans are said to have protested against it. All that the play seems to state is that somewhere in New York might be found a tenement-house janitor who speaks with an accent, dines without his collar, eats spaghetti with garlic in it, loves home-made red wine, and is a very fountain head of kindly wisdom. Which of these charges is supposed to constitute a libel on a great people I do not know.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

An Open Letter to Consumers' Research Subscribers:

The Board of Directors of Consumers' Research has circularized CR's subscription list with a 4,000-word defense of its actions in the strike of the union of 43 CR employees now going on. In this statement the Board says that it is willing to rest the strike case with subscribers.

The strikers' union, which has purchased this space through the Strike Aid Committee (out of funds contributed by sympathetic subscribers) is equally willing that CR subscribers be the court of appeal. It believes, however, that they should know the union's side of the story. They will not find it in the Board's statement.

Among other deliberate misrepresentations and distortions to be found in that statement is the charge that the union refuses to arbitrate. Actually, the union has publicly announced its eagerness to place the strike case before any impartial jury for settlement. And actually, Mr. Schlink and Miss Phillips (Mrs. Schlink) in the presence of four people stated that arbitration was out of the question, that "you can't arbitrate with unreasonable people."

The Board's statement makes no mention whatsoever of the very important point of Mr. Dewey Palmer's dismissal from the Board for his refusal to sign a document charging the union with "blackmail."

And all through the Board's statement runs the suggestion that the union wants to take over CR or, failing that, break it. This is viciously untrue. The union's strongest desire is to maintain CR, keep it functioning for the purposes it was set up to discharge. One of the reasons behind the strike was that CR's labor policies, notoriously tyrannical and productive of an inexcusably high labor turnover, had arrived at a point where continued efficient work was impossible.

Plainly, the union cannot in a small advertisement adequately answer a 4-page statement; and the union is allowed, of course, no access to the subscription list.

But it is imperative that subscribers know the whole story of the strike; know the gross fallacies and distortions in the Board's statement for what they are. A few of these have been indicated above. The union urges that all interested CR subscribers write in to the Consumers' Research Strike Aid Committee. They will be sent a complete, point-by-point answer to the Board's charges.

STRIKE AID COMMITTEE

41 E. 20th St., NYC

ALgonquin 4-6195

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation